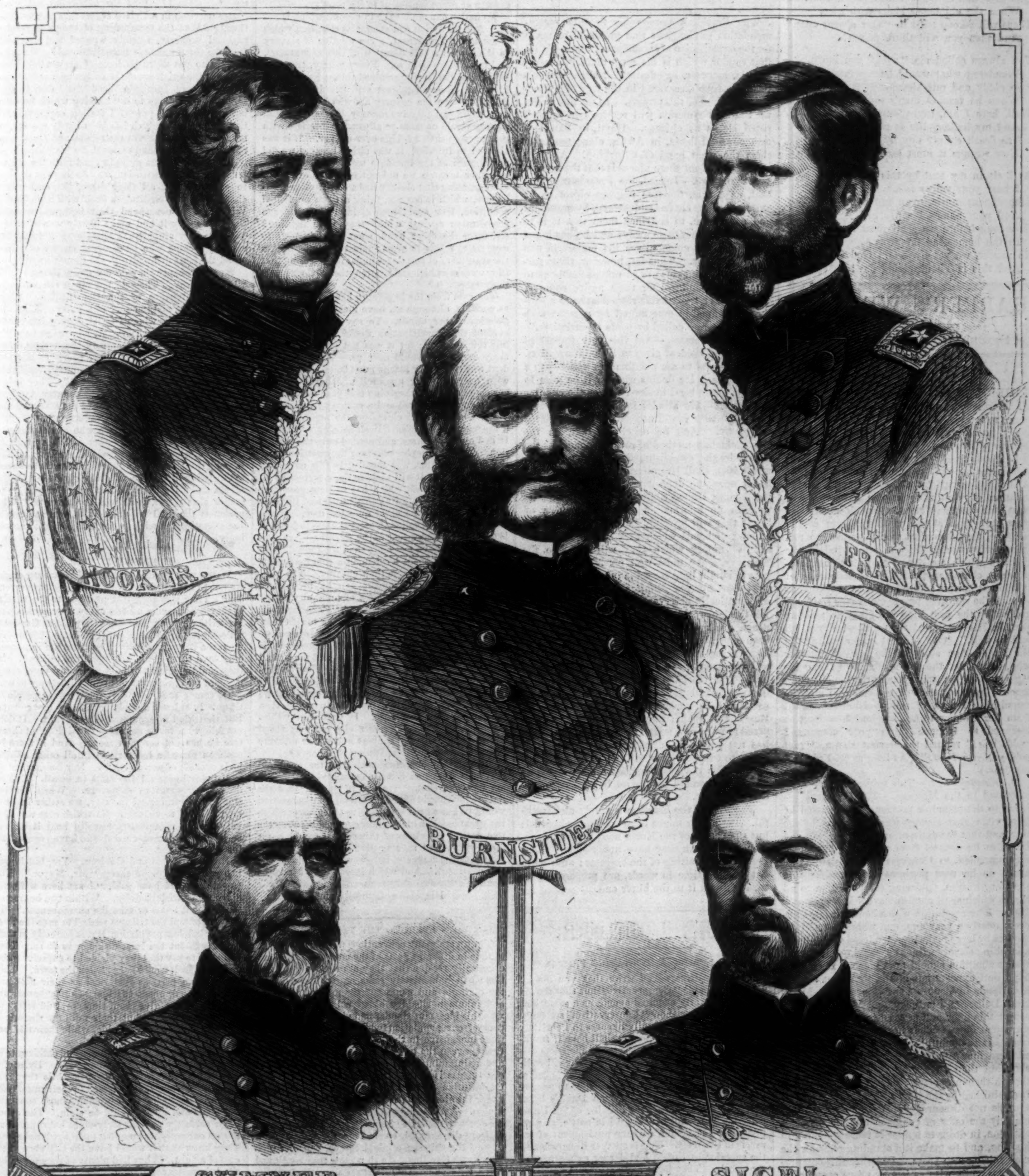
HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VI.—No. 311.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1862. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $2 50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



MAJOR-GENERAL BURNSIDE AND THE DIVISION COMMANDERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 794.]

THANKSGIVING.

I THINK of you all, dear Mother,
Ned, and Emma, and Moll,
Dark-eyed Harry, and little Lou,
Jim, and Bessie, and all!
How often we've met together
For many a bright year past,
Till it seemed to me as if every one
Was merrier than the last.

I greet you all, though so far away
That your faces I can not see;
I remember each with a sacred joy—
Do you also remember me?
Looking up to the dear old flag
With loyal hearts and true,
Do you smile to think for freedom's sake
I am absent to-day from you?

Yes, I know who name me every day
When they kneel to God in prayer—
I know who search every paper through
To see if my name be there.
And now in this good Thanksgiving time,
When the old house rings with glee,
There will be one toast to "Our absent ones,"
And then you will think of me!

You always called me "wild," you know,
Wondered what would be my fate—
"So giddy and mischievous, what will he do
When he reaches man's estate?"
Well, here I am, twenty-one last month,
And my holiday life is through:
I face death calmly day by day—
How strange it must seem to you!

As I sit in my tent by this moonlight,
I hear your voices fall,
Like distant music, upon my ear,
And your names I softly call,
How long before we shall meet again
In the homestead far away?
No matter, we yet live—and God is good,
And this is Thanksgiving day!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1862.

THE MESSAGE.

THERE are just four points of interest in the Message: the allusion to the war, the reference to emancipation, the sketch of a financial policy, and the review of our foreign relations. Outside of these, all is mere routine.

1. *The War.*—Persons who take up the Message in the hope of finding in it some retrospect of the past operations of the war, and some intimation of what is to happen hereafter, will meet with disappointment. Were it not for one short paragraph at the commencement of the Message, that document would contain no reference whatever to the one thing vital in the times in which we live. And that one paragraph is characteristic. The President says: "While it has not pleased the Almighty to bless us with the return of peace, *we can but press on*, guided by the best light He gives us, trusting that, in His own good time and wise way, all will be well." One can not help recalling the old Middle-Age story of the mailed crusader who, in a fit of the spleen, fell to beating his "people" with a stout quarter-staff. His wife, touched by the groans of the sufferers and the astonishing length of the punishment, called from her window to ask her lord how long he intended to trounce those poor creatures? "*Ma mie!*" replied the devout Baron, "*tant qu'il plaira a Dieu!*" (As long as God pleases, my dear.)

2. *Emancipation.*—This subject is very fully discussed in the Message. The President adheres to the principle previously enunciated by him, viz.: that slavery was the cause of the war, and that the extirpation of slavery will end it. But he departs from the policy which he recommended to Congress last session, inasmuch as he now proposes an amendment to the Constitution, tendering compensation to all States which shall abolish slavery *before the year* 1900. The resolution which he laid before Congress nearly a year ago, and which passed both Houses by large majorities, tendered aid to States abolishing slavery without specifying the time at which abolition should take place. It was the hope and expectation of the President and of his friends in Congress that four States, Maryland, Delaware, Kentucky, and Missouri, would accept this offer and proceed to the abolition of slavery at once. That hope has not been realized. It is doubtful whether the people of any of these four States are any nearer voluntary abolition than they were twelve months ago, though their property in slaves has been so vastly diminished by the war. The President, however, is not discouraged. He now proposes to embody the offer of compensation in the Constitution, in order to render it more solemn and binding, and to make it a standing offer for the next thirty-seven years. Whether this compromise measure, wise as it may prove eventually, will at present satisfy either the partisans of slavery at the South or its opponents at the North remains to be seen.

The President distinctly states that this scheme of compensated emancipation is not intended to supersede the proclamation of September 22d freeing the slaves in rebel States. By that proclamation, every slave dwelling in a locality which has not elected members of Congress by a majority of legally constituted voters shall be free on 1st January next, and shall be entitled to claim that the United States shall protect him in the enjoyment of his freedom. If this proclamation stands unrecalled, the slaves now held in nine-tenths of Virginia, North Carolina, and Louisiana, nearly all of South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Texas, and Arkansas, and three-fourths of Tennessee, will be freemen in law if not in fact, in the course of a month from this time. So far as they are concerned no amendment to the Constitution will be required to improve their political status; and the operation of the proposed amendment will consequently be confined to the slaves in Maryland, Delaware, Missouri, Kentucky, and such parts of Louisiana, Tennessee, Virginia, and the other rebel States as are now held by the armed forces of the United States.

The President renews his favorite recommendation to Congress that provision be made for the expatriation of emancipated slaves. With that candor which is his most amiable characteristic, however, he admits that slight difficulties have been discovered in the way of the accomplishment of this project. In the first place, no State in America will receive our emancipated slaves as citizens. Hayti, in San Domingo, and Liberia, in Africa, alone tender to them the right hand of fellowship. And the misfortune about these places is that the negroes won't go there. Indeed, the President admits that, as a rule, the free negroes object to be exiled at all. He has endeavored, by argument and persuasion, to convince them that it is to their best interest to go away; and he has hopes that they may come to see the matter in this light by-and-by. Thus far, however, these persons with black skins are so unreasonable as to entertain a fondness for their native country, which bears a remarkable resemblance to a sentiment commonly entertained by persons with white skins, and called by poets "patriotism."

3. *The Finances.*—On this very important subject the President gives us little information. He is anxious to see our finances restored to a specie basis. He doubts whether it be wise to issue as many legal tender notes as the country can absorb. He alludes incidentally to loans, as though they would necessarily be negotiated by-and-by. And he concludes that, on the whole, the best method of raising money for the war is by the establishment of banks of issue, whose issue shall be uniform in appearance and based upon the deposit with the Treasury Department of United States Bonds. He supplies us with no information as to the number of banks that will probably be established, or the amount of bonds which they will take, or the sum of money which they will yield to the Treasury. We must wait for Mr. Chase's report to obtain light on these important points.

4. *Our Foreign Relations.*—The President diplomatically observes that our relations with the foreign world, though less gratifying than usual, are more satisfactory than might have been expected by a nation distracted as we are. Foreign nations have taken advantage of our embarrassments to seek causes of quarrel with us, and our blockade has naturally given rise to many reclamations and disputes. Claims against us have been made by Great Britain, France, Russia, and Spain: these the President has proposed to refer to a mixed Convention. The offer has not yet been accepted, but the President seems to expect that it will be. This condition of things is obviously incidental to a state of war, and it would be unwise if it were just to complain of it.

The tone of the Message is manly and truthful. Perhaps it might have been more hopeful; but the people of the North need no encouragement in the task they have undertaken. They know the magnitude of the business; and, without wasting time in words, are prepared to go through with it to the bitter end.

THE LOUNGER.

A LETTER TO A HESITATING FRIEND.

MY DEAR JOHN,—You write that you are by nature and habit "Conservative," but that the old faith has latterly acquired among us a suspicious face, and that somehow "Conservatism" suddenly betrays a remarkable family likeness to Rebellion. Since you ask my opinion you shall have it frankly; and I will begin with the recent facts.

While our army lately hesitated (your old radical friend Hotspur says, backed and filled!) before Fredericksburg, upon the rebel request to remove the women and children, Jefferson Davis's letter was published, ordering the hanging of ten Union officers who should be captured in battle, as a reprisal for the lawful military punishment of ten rebels at the West. This is another illustration of the superior barbarism and deeper earnestness of the rebels. They have hung spies and deserters, and will now hang officers in reprisal. The latter step is infamous, and the Government will not retaliate, of course, until retaliation is necessary to save loyal lives. But the whole management of the war upon the rebel side has forced and thrust upon us a lesson which we have refused to learn; that, as a civil war is the most deadly of all, it must be waged with the most resolute firmness or its consequences will be incalculably more terrible.

Our leniency has been our loss. Rebel women have crossed and recrossed our lines at will. In Washington they have openly insulted and defied the Government. While the army was upon the peninsula the wife of the rebel Lee was honorably kept within our camp and then honorably guarded out of it back to her husband, and Stuart immediately rode around our army, and revealed the necessity of moving from the Pamunky to the James. The same shiftless half-heartedness was equally disastrous in the West. I received a letter in the early autumn from an officer of mark who was soon after killed at the battle of Iuka. It was written from Buell's camp, and stated bitterly and despondingly that the rebels in that region were sure of better treatment at head-quarters than Union men. It was inevitable that such conduct should bear fruit, and it appeared in such speeches as John Van Buren's, which are printed with applause every where in the South; while the elections are considered by foreign Governments, as appears in the correspondence upon mediation, to indicate the growth of peace sentiment in the country.

No nation can seem to be in earnest which is not so. And no nation can conquer a rebellion which is not in deadly earnest. The relation of slavery to the war is a test question of this earnestness, and has always been so. Every hearty, thoughtful man at the North perceived this. Every rebel knew it. Every foreigner said it. If we really meant to save the country and the Union in the most rapid and effective manner, it was clear that slavery would no more be allowed to interfere with that purpose than a bridge over a river. If it was allowed to interfere, it was either because we did not appreciate the immense work we had undertaken, or because we did not wish to do it. For even granting that slavery had a constitutional existence, which it has not, being a mere municipal condition, how could men claim rights under a constitution against which they were fighting? Or, upon the other hand, what right had we to concede to rebels in arms against the Constitution the enjoyment of privileges under it (assuming that they were so) which trebly strengthened their hands to overthrow it?

The case from the beginning has been as simple as possible, although we have most sedulously sophisticated our minds. To say that it was not evident that emancipation would save us was to beg the question; for it was not evident that an army and navy would save us. What was evident was that every means must be tried, and tried with overwhelming unanimity. Had that been our course our Thanksgiving this year would have been for peace restored and a country regenerated.

It has been equally clear from the beginning that if the nation chose to save itself nothing was easier. It had every resource, and needed only the resolution. To a philosophic observer the question, after the fall of Sumter, was merely, Is this nation so demoralized that it will yield to the insurrection of the despotic interest which has so long governed it, or will it vindicate its Constitution and its principles? There is no other question now. If the reaction which is called Conservatism—and which is only the Northern face of the rebellion—can prevail, we shall have lost more than a hundred thousand lives, and spent hard upon a thousand million of dollars, for worse than nothing. The popular system of government will be brought to burning shame, and the hope of humanity every where be betrayed. Why not? A "Conservative" Member of Congress elect entertains his friends, and chief among the "Conservative" orators of congratulation is one who frankly expressed his satisfaction when Sumter was taken and the United States flag dishonored by the rebels. How do Vallandigham and John Van Buren seriously differ from Jeff Davis? The latter openly says that we had better go through a form or two, and then let the wayward sisters go. Is that your "Conservatism?" And yet where else can you stand if you do not heartily support every war measure of the Government in subduing the enemy?

Do not think me despondent of the good old cause, as Algernon Sidney called "Liberty." I am far from that. Because it is clear that the peace which would follow the triumph of the reaction would be but a brief and delusive truce, after which the great battle which is now engaged between the two radical principles of this contest would burst forth anew, and rage until either the stars and stripes or the stars and bars were the single flag of this continent. And which it would be I have no doubt.

Dear John, faithfully yours,
THE LOUNGER.

STICK TO THE TEXT.

THERE are many conventions meeting from time to time in different parts of the country, which energetically resolve that they are for the Constitution; and immediately some orator bounds upon the platform and pours out the most humiliating and inhuman ribaldry about colored men. But why this incessant slander and vituperation of that part of our population which, as a class, is the most inoffensive in the land? Is there any relation between the maintenance of the Constitution and maintaining this ferocity against those whose sole offense is that we have injured them? The Constitution declares that all who were citizens under the old Confederation shall be citizens of the Union. And as Judge Curtis showed, by simple reference to the facts of history which Judge Taney entirely disregarded, colored men were citizens in five of the thirteen original States, one of which was North Carolina. In that State they continued to be citizens until a few years since the law disfranchised them.

Now an orator may think that colored men, or Irishmen, or Frenchmen, or Americans, are better off as slaves; he may think that Christianity requires that some people shall be used and sold like cattle, but that is a question which has nothing to do with the Constitution. The Constitution as it is and as it was may be maintained in every letter and every dot and stop, and yet every colored man in the country be a citizen. Let us stick to the text. When the point is the maintenance of the Constitution, all the furious twaddle about inferior races and men who are fit for slaves is out of order. Besides, the audience may have their own opinion, as they listen to such stuff, as to who is or is not fit for slavery; and the opinion might not coincide with that of the orator, nor be in the least complimentary to him. One thing, in any case, is very clear. If some of the speeches made against these blameless colored persons had been made by them, there might be those who were not at all sorry that the orators had to taste a little wholesome discipline.

But if the conventions and orators consent to stick to the text, namely, the maintenance of the Constitution as it is, will they be kind enough to specify who is against it except the rebels? Do they think that the party which elected the present Administration is an unconstitutional party? Do they believe that any unconstitutional action upon its part produced this rebellion? Was the election unconstitutional? Was the supplying a United States garrison in a United States fort unconstitutional? Was the summoning of troops to retake national property, forcibly wrested and detained from the Government, unconstitutional? Was the attempt to put down by force of arms a rebellion aimed at the existence of the nation unconstitutional? Not even Fernando Wood would dare to say so, because he dares to say nothing which he does not suppose some powerful faction supports, and there is no party which has been hardy enough to take this ground, except the rebels, and they have not hitherto been handy enough for his purpose.

If the conventions mean in good faith the maintenance of the Constitution, why do they not resolve to support, with all their force, the authorities charged by the Constitution itself with its defense? Why do they not spend their indignation upon those who defy it and make bloody war upon it? Why do they stupidly vituperate an unfortunate class of persons who have never shown or whispered the least disloyalty to the Constitution?

Simply because they do not mean in good faith what they say. They do not mean the unconditional maintenance of the Constitution. They mean only the maintenance of a party. Like the contractor Hook, whom Patrick Henry has crucified with manly scorn forever, who went bawling through the American camp in the darkest hour of the revolution, "Beef! beef! beef!" so they, in the present great peril of the country, vociferate with fury, "Party! party! party!" They judge men not by their devotion to the country, but to a party. Their own talk is not of the safety of the Union but of the resuscitation of a party.

Now every faithful citizen who means the national salvation must act either with these men or the unconditional Union men. There is no middle ground to stand upon. The Union will be saved by insisting upon the absolute surrender of the rebels, and using every known means of warfare to secure that result, or it will be destroyed. The nation is the final tribunal of its own existence. Let every citizen stick to the text, and act accordingly.

HUMANITY IN WAR.

WHEN we appeared before Fredericksburg ought we not to have insisted upon an immediate surrender? Time was infinitely precious to the rebels. If they could secure a little delay they could do at Fredericksburg exactly what they did at Gordonsville—bring up all their men and defend Richmond upon the Rappahannock. The cities are separated only by a three hours' trip upon the railroad. If they could cajole us or hold us in any way, every moment was golden to them and disastrous to us.

Of course it is very easy for ignorant people to sit quietly at home and blame military movements. But that kind of argument is irrelevant. It does not follow because a man is not a soldier that therefore he has not common sense. And if there be common sense in military as in all other affairs, he is capable of perceiving it. Nor does a man at a distance know all the facts in detail. But he does know them in substance. When, for instance, we summoned the city, we either had not men enough to reduce it—in which case we did a very foolish thing—or we really held it at our mercy—in which case we should have required an instant surrender.

But the women and children. Yes, but it was not we who exposed them, "Mr. Mayor." The General should have said, "I am here with my army, and I wish this city. Within two hours you must give it to me or take the consequences." If the mayor and the citizens wished to save the lives of their helpless population, it was perfectly in their power without the least dishonor to do so. They had only to say that they yielded to superior force, and not a shell would have struck the town. They might have been as rhetorical as their hate and fancy allowed, about the blood-thirsty barbarians who would not give them time to build forts and get reinforcements; but their military rhetoric is more furious than formidable, while their military action is unquestionably skillful.

Besides, there are other women and children to be considered besides those of the rebels. By giving them time to prepare for defense while they sent away their women, we exposed to their murderous shot the hearts of other women whose sons and husbands and lovers would be slain. The rebels knew perfectly well for forty-eight hours previously that our army was moving upon Fredericksburg. They knew that it would have the city even at the cost of a fight. They had plenty of time to remove the defenseless population. But they chose to stay, because they believed they could outwit us by an appeal to humanity, and meanwhile gain most valuable and essential time. Whether it was more humans to grant the time than to insist upon the surrender, the event will show.

A SOLDIER'S SONG BOOK.

THERE was some innocent jesting last year upon the proposals for a National Hymn. But the feeling which called for the songs seems to have been sufficiently satisfied with "John Brown's body," which is hummed, and whistled, and ground, and played all over the loyal land; while the national regimental bands have taught it to every dismayed echo in the Blue Ridge. But for singing in the camp, on the march, at the mess, there should be endless songs. Every German student knows how important a part such songs play in the college and camp life of Germany, and that some of our most familiar and charming airs are the melodies of those songs. If we could have them fitted to timely English words how cheering they might be to the soldiers! There is no need that they should be great solemn national hymns. In fact, that is exactly what they should not be. But simple, homely, hearty strains, full of fire and love and humor and tenderness, so that every varying emotion should flow out in rhyme.

That is just what the songs in a little book just prepared in Cambridge are. It is a small collection of original songs, "by various hands," set to easy and striking tunes, and printed with the music for the voice, in the style of the German song books. Many an old favorite of every circle of young men is here, with words which have the same significance for him that other words had for other youth in other lands and times. Indeed one chief interest in the little book is the sense of a hearty earnestness of patriotism which is implied in every line. The book is sold at the price of making, and when known will win its own welcome. It can be very readily enlarged, and from time to time, doubtless, new editions will contain new songs.

One of the quaintest airs and rhymes is this, to the tune of "The Frankfort Apprentice's Song:"

THE WHY AND WHEREFORE.

"Where, where, where, and where, and where are you bound, young man?
Where, where, where, and where, and where are you bound, young man?"
"I'm off to the war, with the good men and true,
And hadn't you better come along too?
I speak my mind quite freely,
Now ree'ly."

"Why, why, why, and why, and why to the war, young man?
Why, why, why, and why, and why to the war, young man?"
"Did a man ever fight for a holier cause
Than for Freedom and Flag and for Equal Laws?
Just speak your mind quite freely,
Now ree'ly."

"Which, which, which, and which, and which is the Flag of the Free?
Which, which, which, and which, and which is the Flag of the Free?"
"Oh, Washington's Flag, with the stripes and the stars,
Will you give such a name to the thing with the bars?
I speak my mind quite freely,
Now ree'ly."

"Who, who, who, and who, and who goes with you to the war?
Who, who, who, and who, and who goes with you to the war?"
"Ten thousand brave lads, and if they should stay here
The girls would cry shame, and *they'd* volunteer!
They speak their mind quite freely,
Now ree'ly."

"When, when, when, and when, and when do you mean to come back?
When, when, when, and when, and when do you mean to come back?"
"When Rebellion is crushed, and the Union restored,
And Freedom is safe—yes, then, please the Lord!
I speak my mind quite freely,
Now ree'ly."

"What, what, what, and what, and what will you gain by that?
What, what, what, and what, and what will you gain by that?"
"Oh I've gained enough, whatever the cost,
If a Free Land, the hope of the world, isn't lost.
I speak my mind quite freely,
Now ree'ly."

EXPECTATION.

ALL eyes and minds are turned with intense anxiety to Virginia—to the army under General Burnside. If the army of Lee is defeated the most serious obstacle to our success is removed. With the overthrow of that army; the descent of the Mississippi by Porter; the capture of Charleston, Mobile, and Savannah; and the advance of Grant and Rosecrans in the West, the rebels would begin the winter gloomily.

There is an old argument against the continuance of the rebellion which is now disused. It was and is good in itself, but its use was untimely. The general impression at the North was that the rebels could not feed themselves, and must at last be starved out. They have not been starved out yet, however. They have seemed to thrive upon privation. For the fact of privation, and that serious, can hardly be doubted. And the argument will become more and more pinching.

If Mr. Bunch's estimate of the cotton crop for the last year be correct, there has not been an adequate preparation for food at the South. The forays into Kentucky and Maryland were brilliant and advantageous to the rebels, but they were also necessary. If the fall campaign expels them virtually from Kentucky and Tennessee and from Virginia, and the Mississippi is held by us, and great ports occupied, while Texas is cut off, there can be no question that a very serious and threatening scarcity will ensue. The angry tone of the rebel press, defiantly thanking England for nothing, and the intimations of trouble under the surface of the Richmond despotism, signify internal disquiet. The rebels are earnest, united, desperate; but the most furious men yield to prolonged pressure. Stonewall Jackson says that he prefers to have his men a little starved when they go into battle. But no wise ruler wishes his people to be hungry.

The probability ought not, however, to be overstated. If we could count upon an indefinite time for the war, it might be that privation would become an effective ally. But to wait for a single day, because it might be possible to starve them out hereafter, would be courting disaster. The rebellion is to be ended by mighty military blows rapidly struck. Disaster upon disaster must overwhelm the enemy. Their trained and determined soldiers must be outnumbered as well as outfought. The success of to-day must make that of to-morrow possible and easy. To fight for a day and then stand still for six weeks; to win, or seem to win, a victory and gain no advantage; to occupy with pomp posts from which the foe has retired; are not the ways in which desperate rebels are crushed. They are courses that deaden and destroy a nation.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

MISS FANTADLING says the first time she locked arms with a young man, she felt like Hope leaning on her anchor. Poetic young woman that.

About half a century ago there was a very popular preacher in Aberdeen named Kidd. On the arrival there of the news of the assassination of Spencer Perceval, an old woman said to her crony, "Eh, Tibby! d'ye hear this? they've shot the Prime Minister." "Bless us!" exclaimed Tibby, "hae they shot Dr. Kidd?"

Speed and Stow, the two most distinguished historians of the sixteenth century, were both tailors, which led Sir Henry Spelman to say, "We are beholden to Mr. Speed and Mr. Stow for *stitching* for us our English history."

"When I goes a shopping," said an old lady, "I allers asks for what I wants, and if they have it, and it's suitable, and I feel inclined to take it, and it's cheap, and it can't be got at any place for less, I almost allers take it, without chaffering about it all day, as most people do."

A trifling sort of a fellow in one of our neighboring counties, not long since, won the affections of the daughter of a bluff, honest Dutchman of some wealth. On asking the old man for her, he opened with a romantic speech about his being a "poor young man," etc. "Ya, ya," said the old man, "I knows all apout it; but you is a little too poor—you has neider money nor character."

A notorious tippler was one day walking along in his usual inebriated state, when he stepped upon a grating, which was inadvertently out of place. The result was that he and the grating disappeared into the cellar. After picking himself up, the fellow looked round to take a survey of the place, when he espied the grating, which he took hold of, with the remark, "Well, I have made a gridiron by the performance any how!"

A lady who had a silk gown spoiled in being recolored brought an action against the establishment, and summoned several of the workmen to give their *dying* testimony.

An old sailor finding a corked bottle floating on the sea, opened it, with the soliloquy, "Rum, I hope; gin, I think; tracts, by jingo!" and then threw it back into the water.

A GOOD RECOMMENDATION.—"Och, an' what's yer honor agoin' to give me, seein' as it's myself that saved yer honor's house from turnin' to ashes intirely?" "How so, Pat?" "An' sure, when it cotched afire, wasn't I the sicond one that hollered fire first?"

In British Columbia Captain Barret-Lennard presented a chieftain with a pair of trowsers. He returned them as "vain and foolish inventions," but took care to cut off all the buttons.

A new nut-cracker has just been patented; it is so contrived as to crack jokes along with the nuts. A very liberal discount will be allowed to extremely depressed persons ordering large quantities.

Zeno, the philosopher, believed in an inevitable destiny. His servant availed himself of this doctrine while being beaten for a theft by exclaiming, "Was I not destined to rob?" "Yes," replied Zeno, "and to be corrected also."

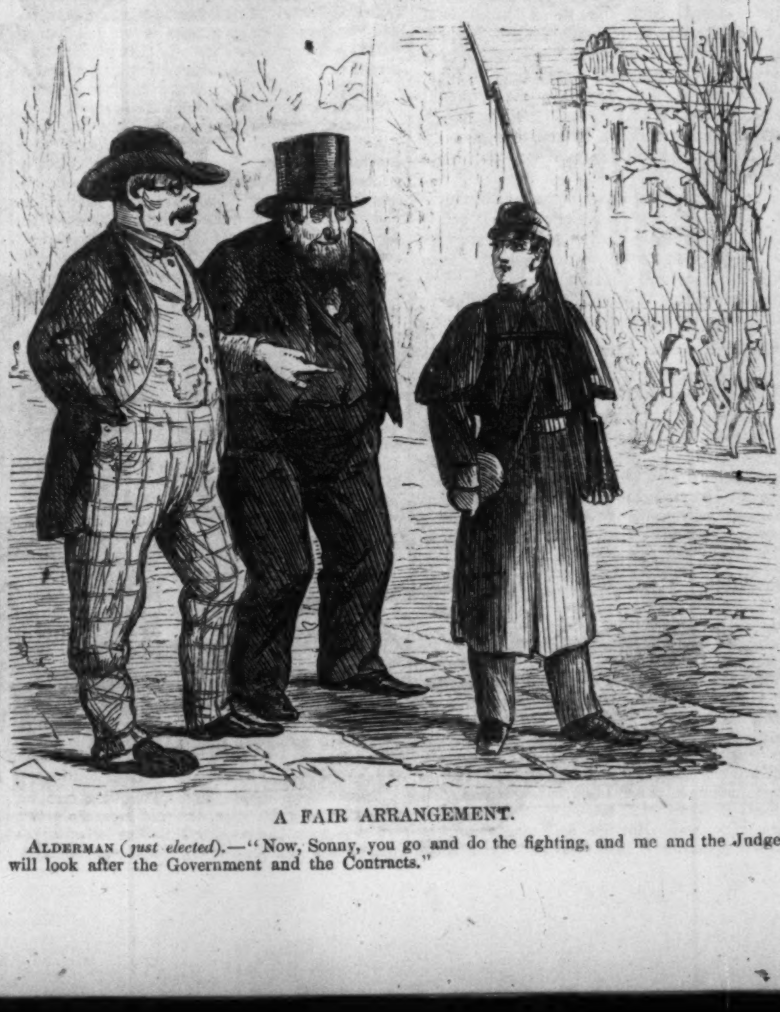
If you think there isn't an honest man living, you had better, for appearance's sake, put off saying it till you are dead yourself.

A dentist in this city advertises that he will "spare no pains" in extracting people's molars. Surprising candor!

The happiest man is the benevolent one, for he owns stock in the happiness of all mankind.

"It's a shame, husband, that I have to sit here mending your old clothes!" "Don't say a word about it, wife; the least said the soonest mended."

"Didn't you guarantee, Sir, that this horse would not shy before the fire of an enemy?" "No more he won't. 'Tisn't till after the fire that he shies."



A FAIR ARRANGEMENT.

ALDERMAN (*just elected*).—"Now, Sonny, you go and do the fighting, and me and the Judge will look after the Government and the Contracts."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

BOTH Houses met on 1st December. In the Senate, after prayer by Dr. Sutherland, the usual message was sent to the House, to say that a quorum was present. The Message was shortly afterward received and read.——In the House, after prayer by Chaplain Stockton, Mr. Roscoe Conkling offered a resolution, which was adopted, instructing the Committee on Naval Affairs to report the cheapest, most expeditious, and most reliable mode of placing vessels of war on Lake Ontario. A resolution, offered by Mr. Vallandigham, directing the Judiciary Committee to report by what authority the Postmaster-General excludes newspapers from the mails, was adopted. Mr. Cox offered a preamble and resolutions relating to arbitrary political arrests, condemning them, and directing that they shall not be hereafter made. They were laid on the table, by a vote of 80 to 40. Mr. Richardson, of Illinois, offered a resolution requesting the President to inform the House what citizens of Illinois are now confined as political prisoners, and what are the charges against them. A motion to lay it on the table failed, and it was passed, 74 to 40. Soon afterward the President's Message was received and read. The document is reviewed in the leader in another column.

On Tuesday, December 2, in the Senate, Senator Powell, of Kentucky, offered a resolution calling on the President for information in regard to arrests of citizens of Kentucky by the military authorities; also a preamble and resolution declaring that many citizens of the United States have been arrested and imprisoned without any charges being preferred against them whatever, and that all such arrests are unauthorized by the Constitution and laws of the United States, and are usurpations of the power delegated by the people to the President; and that all such arrests are hereby condemned and declared palpable violations of the Constitution of the United States; and it is hereby demanded that all such arrests shall cease hereafter, and that all persons so arrested shall have a prompt and speedy trial, "according to the provisions of the Constitution," or be immediately released. These resolutions were laid over. Senator Davis, of Kentucky, offered a joint resolution declaring that it is hereby recommended that all the States choose delegates, to meet in convention at Louisville, on the first Monday of April next, to take into consideration the present condition of the country and the proper means to be pursued for restoring the Union, and that the Legislatures of the different States take such action as they may deem fit for this purpose at the earliest possible date. This was also laid over, and the Senate adjourned.——In the House, a bill was passed providing for the payment in gold and silver of all judgments recovered by the United States. The Military Committee were instructed to inquire into the propriety of increasing the pay of soldiers to fifteen dollars per month, and making reductions in the pay of officers not actively engaged. The Committee of Ways and Means were instructed to inquire and report as to the propriety of admitting cotton brought from foreign countries free of duty. A bill was introduced for the relief of the sufferers by the Indian outbreak in Minnesota; also to abrogate all treaties between the Government and the Sioux Indians. A bill to reduce the tax on whisky was brought forward, but objection was made to its introduction, whereupon the House adjourned.

THE REPORT OF THE WAR DEPARTMENT.

The Secretary of War in his Report states that that portion of the United States which is now, or has been during the last year the scene of military operations is confined within ten military departments; that the armies operating in those departments, according to recent official returns, constitute a force of seven hundred and seventy-five thousand three hundred and thirty-six officers and privates, fully armed and equipped; that since the date of the returns this number has been increased to over eight hundred thousand; that when the quotas are filled up it will number a million of men; and that the valor of our troops has been displayed on many occasions, and the skill and gallantry of their officers have been distinguished at Yorktown, Williamsburg, Fair Oaks, Gaines's Mill, Malvern Hill, Cross Keys, Cedar Mountain, Chantilly, and other places.

The Report is accompanied by a report and documents from General Halleck, Commander-in-Chief.

THE NAVY REPORT.

The Report of Secretary Welles is very long. When he assumed charge of the Navy Department in March, 1861, there were but 42 vessels then in commission, and most of them abroad. There were only 7600 seamen then in the pay of the Government, and on the 10th of March only 207 in all the ports and receiving-ships of the Atlantic coast, to man our ships and protect the Navy-yards and dépôts, and aid in suppressing the rising insurrection. At the present time, by purchase and by construction, the Government has afloat, or progressing to completion, a naval force of 427 vessels, and carrying 3268 guns. So sudden and so vast a naval armament has not been witnessed in modern times. Of the 427 vessels in service 104 only are sailing vessels, 323 are steam vessels, and 123 of these latter have been added by construction. These new vessels of war are of no mean capacity and calibre, as the following description of them will show:

Description.	No. of Vessels.	Guns.	Tons.
Second-class screw sloops of war	13	16	16,396
Screw gun-boats..................	27	116	14,033
Side-wheel gun-boats..........	39	296	36,377
Armored wooden vessels........	12	65	20,893
Armored iron vessels............	32	74	32,631
Total................	123	567	120,330

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

The rebels are actively engaged in erecting earth-works around Fredericksburg. General Burnside has not crossed the Rappahannock; his army is still at and around Falmouth. The railroad from Falmouth to Aquia Creek is in working order. A dash of the enemy's cavalry in large force was made across the Rappahannock on 28th ult. a short distance above the head-quarters of our army, and nearly two companies of the Third Pennsylvania cavalry, of General Averill's brigade, were captured.

BURNSIDE AT WASHINGTON.

General Burnside paid a hasty visit to Washington Friday night, and had an interview with the President and General Halleck.

THE ARMY OF THE WEST IN MOTION.

The army, according to a dispatch from Cairo, is all in motion. General Sherman, it is said, left Memphis on 26th, and General Grant commenced to move on 28th along the road to Holly Springs. The rebels, meantime, are falling back toward Granada, tearing up the track as they go. They carry off the rails, burn the bridges, and destroy the ties as they retreat. It is reported that the rebels are removing all their valuables from Jackson, Mississippi.

DEPARTURE OF GENERAL BANKS.

A portion of General Banks's expedition left this port on 2d for "the South." The vessels consisted of the United States transports *New Brunswick*, *Illinois*, *Northern Light*, *North Star*, *J. S. Green*, *Haze*, *Salvor*, and others, with troops and provisions. The flotilla will probably rendezvous at Fortress Monroe.

THE NEGROES IN THE FIELD.

An expedition of the colored regiment, South Carolina Volunteers, under Lieutenant-Colonel Beard, made quite a successful attack at Doboy Sound upon the enemy, in which the negroes behaved very commendably. It is rumored that General Beauregard has pronounced Charleston indefensible, and that the inhabitants are moving their property from the city.

ATTACK ON NEWBERN.

A party of 4000 rebels, under General Martin, made an attack on Newbern, North Carolina, on 27th, but they were driven back with heavy loss by our troops, commanded by Colonel Kurtz, of the Massachusetts Twenty-fourth.

THE PIRATE "ALABAMA."

The Navy Department has information that the pirate *Alabama* was expected in the vicinity of the Azores early in November. She was to receive supplies, ammunition, and seamen from the steamer *Bahama*. The Turkish steamer *Shasigest* was taking dispatches to that place for Captain Semmes. Several United States vessels are in that neighborhood. The *Vanderbilt* returned on 30th, without having seen her.

RELEASE OF STATE PRISONERS.

The release of the State prisoners from Fort Warren, in Boston Harbor, was unconditional, as appears by the following order:

"*Col. J. Dimick, U. S. Army, Fort Warren, Boston:*

"The Secretary of War directs that you release all the Maryland State prisoners; also, any other State prisoners that may be in your custody, and report to this office.

"E. D. TOWNSEND, Assistant Adjutant-General."

FOREIGN NEWS.

FRANCE.

THE FRENCH OFFER TO MEDIATE.

WE have the text of the dispatch of M. Drouyn de l'Huys respecting mediation. He says:

"From the commencement of the war an armed force was set on foot by the belligerents, which since then has been almost constantly kept up. After so much bloodshed they are now, in that respect, nearly in the same position, nothing authorizing the presumption that more decisive military operations will shortly occur, according to the last news received in Europe. The two armies, on the contrary, were in a condition that would not allow either party to hope within a brief delay for any decided advantage to turn the balance and accelerate the conclusion of a peace. All these circumstances, taken together, point to the opportunity of an armistice, to which, moreover, under the present circumstances, no strategical objection can be made. The favorable dispositions toward peace which are beginning to manifest themselves in the North as well as the South might, on the other hand, second steps that might be made to recommend the idea of truce. The Emperor has therefore thought that the occasion has presented itself of offering to the belligerents the support of the good offices of the maritime Powers, and his Majesty has charged me to make the proposition of this Government to her Britannic Majesty, as well as to the Court of Russia. The three Cabinets would exert their influence at Washington, as well as with the Confederates, to obtain an armistice for six months, during which every act of war, direct or indirect, should provisionally cease, on sea as well as on land, and it might be, if necessary, ulteriorally prolonged.

"The overtures, I need not say, Sir, would not imply, on our part, any judgment on the origin or issue of the struggle, nor any pressure upon the negotiations which might, it is to be hoped, ensue in favor of an armistice. Our task would consist solely in smoothing down obstacles, and in interfering only in a measure determined upon by the two parties."

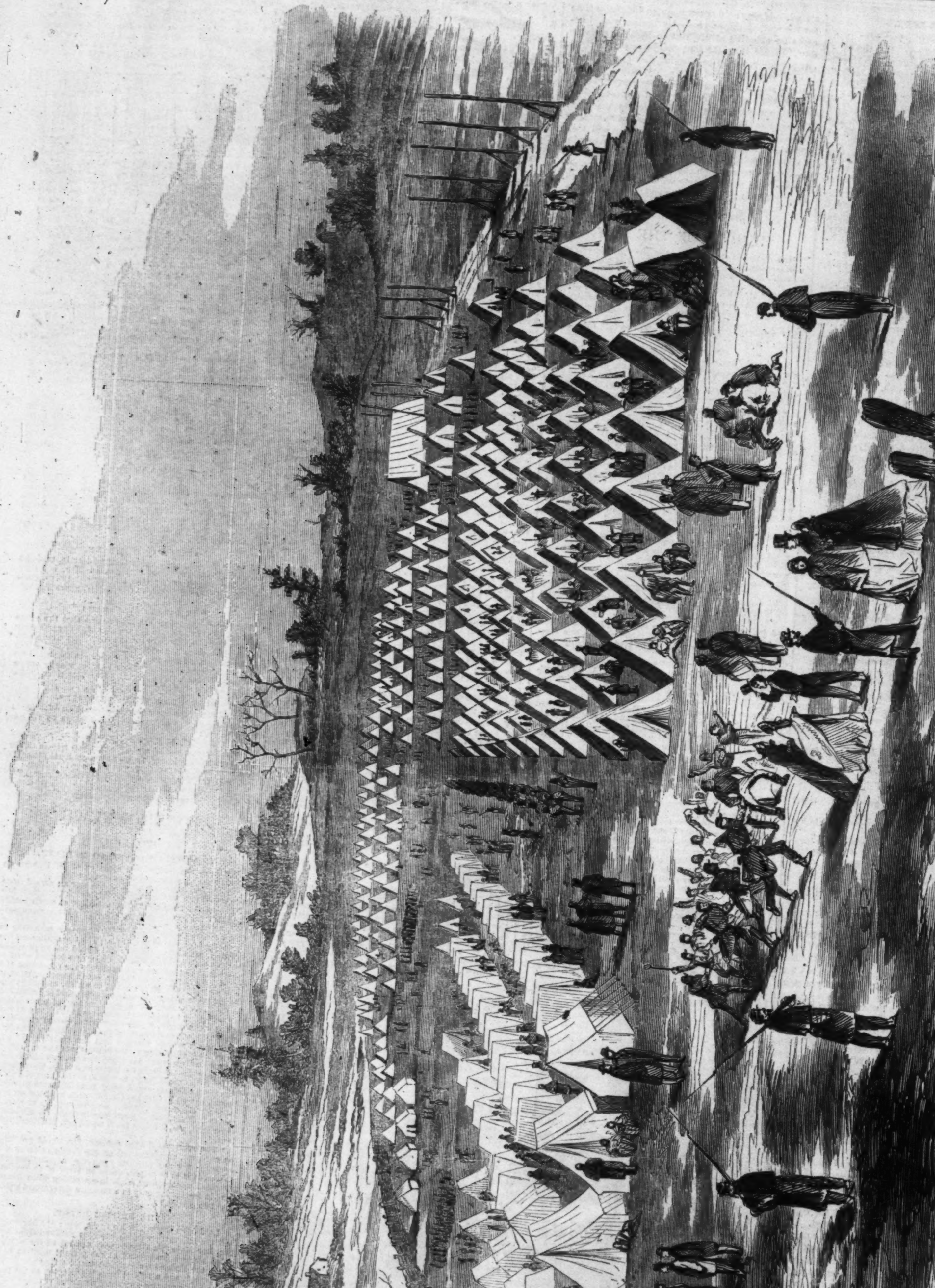
THE BRITISH REPLY.

Lord John Russell, in his reply, says: "After weighing all the information which has been received from America, her Majesty's Government are led to the conclusion that there is no ground at the present moment to hope that the Federal Government would accept the proposals suggested, and a refusal from Washington at the present time would prevent any speedy renewal of the offer. Her Majesty's Government think, therefore, that it would be better to watch carefully the progress of opinion in America, and if, as there appears reason to hope, it may be found to have undergone, or may undergo hereafter, any change, the three courts might then avail themselves of such change to offer their friendly counsel with a greater prospect than now exists of its being accepted by the two contending parties."

RUSSIA.

RUSSIA WILL NOT INTERFERE.

After recalling the constant efforts of Russia in favor of conciliation, Prince Gortchakoff says that it is requisite, above all things, to avoid the appearance of any pressure whatever capable of chilling public opinion in America, or of exercising the susceptibility of that nation. We believe that a combined measure of the three great Powers, however conciliatory, if presented in an official or officious character, would be the cause of arriving at a result opposed to pacification. If, however, France should persist in her intention of mediation, and England should acquiesce in her course, instructions shall be sent to Baron Stoeckl, at Washington, to lend to both his colleagues there (the French and English Ministers), if not official aid, at least moral support.



GENERAL BANKS'S EXPEDITION—ENCAMPMENT OF TROOPS ON THE UNION COURSE, LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK.—[See Page 791.]

THE CITY OF PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA.—[See Page 791.]

TREASURES.

A CURL of dark brown hair,
Hid in a locket of gold;
A ring set round with pearls,
Of fashion quaint and old.

That locket nestles close
In my bosom, night and day;
That ring—since it left the finger
Of the dear one far away.

The ring I wear for hope,
The locket I wear for faith;
The heart that throbs beneath them
Will be true till my day of death.

Take them both to my lover,
When I am freed from strife:
There are many joined by death
Who might never be one in life.

OUTWITTED.

A LONELY little parlor neighboring only long undulating sweeps of hill-side and shadowed valleys—a room with small regard for rules and precedents, independently persisting in being airy and cheerful spite of dark wood floor and wainscoting and heavy curtains; decidedly progresista in its chair and sofa principles, putting them where they were likely to be wanted, and evidently as incapable of buhl, biscotine, and all manner of étagère abominations, as a fair field of growing purple velvet violets; particular, also, about its pictures, of which it offered you but two.

Heads seen only in profile, and exactly similar in hard inflexibility of outline; yet on the downcast lids of one dwelt perpetual hush and silence. The rapt face was full of the mystery of sleep; the far-seeing, solemn eyes might have been looking into those of Azrael. The other rushed through space; by some subtle magic every curl blowing back from the wide forehead was quivering and instinct; the untried lips were parted and eager; all the fresh splendor of morning dwelt in the proud eyes; both without color, without symbol, yet no need of flame or star to interpret night and morning.

Below them, a monster flanked either side of the fire-place; perverted Chinese imaginings of vases, crowded with flowers, and in that way put down, something as Truth does High Art, by the inflexible little room, that coming round past the piano to the view, went off in a bow-window, in which sat Lute Howard. A little thing that a man might crush in his hand, mocking a cursory glance, defying all description, because her charm was in the look of the deep gray eyes, the peculiar *timbre* of her voice, the clinging touch of her little fingers, the spirit of her whole manner, rather than in coloring or outline. She had been making a pretense of work. There was the sewing basket in a gay tangle of silks and ribbons; and a bit of braiding and a tiny thimble on the timorous outskirts of her lap, in which Fidèle had comfortably settled himself; for Fidèle was the gift of Paul Ogère, and a privileged character—not to pet him was quite out of the question; and then Vivia left the lounge and her book, and going over to the piano began to play. Now Vivia played marvelously. It was as if it had been the story whispered among the pines on some solemn mountain top, telling, in soft, half-breathed chords, of the still glow quivering and quickening along the gray sky's edge, swelling into hurry and tumult with the tossing of clouds in the valleys below, dashed with scarlet and gold as the day grew stronger, hurrying, struggling to grasp and sound out in one wild burst the glory of color and of the morning rejoicing—fading, dying, leaving it all at last to one sweet voice, coming out of the land of mist and burning with the brook; this last imaged forth in trickling, dropping notes, going on with blare of fairy horns, and wild echoes tossed from mountain to mountain, muttering darkly of rocky clefts and awful gorges, growing, deepening, coming headlong down jagged descents with strong, reckless bounds, spreading out into tranquil lakes, cutting off little pine-shadowed islets, but above all the gurgling, and whispering, and thundering, and out of wailing and shuddering depths, in all and through all, sounding the one sweet morning voice.

The little room was flooded, drenched with the harmony. Lute listened, shivering and with eyes filled with tears; while from the opposite window Dale Hamilton watched her, thinking what superb eyes she had, and how her white thrilled face looked like a picture, and how odd it was that such a little snow-drop should nestle so warmly in his heart, and what a stunner Vivia was!—admired the music, too, in his way. Saw that the difficulties were prodigious, and that Vivia made light of them, and at the end was incautious enough to cry "Brava!" Lute turned on him like flame.

"Captain Hamilton, I think you would clap Mont Blanc."

"Undoubtedly, if you mean Miss Vivia, only she seems to me something more tropical."

"And why tropical?" asked Vivia, facing round with a sudden whirl of the piano stool.

Dale was at fault and shifted the responsibility.

"Ask your mirror."

Which Vivia answered by a shrug, and going over to Lute couched on the floor beside her, as she was fond of doing, offering to that fair child such a contrast as pearls and carbuncles, purple and snow, the opal light before dawn, and a stormy sunset. She was far above the ordinary height of woman, her chest was full and broad, her arm muscular as well as handsome. Her face defied you. An intensity of something (Dale never could determine what) burned in her look, sent the passionate blood surging up to her lips, glowing scarlet in the clear brown cheek, lined itself sharply in every irregular feature, and blazed in the dark eyes, though deeper wisdom than Captain Hamilton's could hardly have told what manner of spirit it was that looked out from their inscrutable depths. Her dress flamed out in a barbaric magnificence. Scarlet showed here and there against the soft blue of her robe; an orange-colored knot fastened the lace frill at her throat, tiny gold coins dangled from the net that scarcely held the heavy coils of hair; color and sparkle was in every thing, even to the gay border of her handkerchief, and the steel fringe on her slipper; altogether such a face and figure as might have been looked for behind a gilded screen in Vathek's palace, or leaning over a marble sill, to peer down into the dark and secret waters bearing black curtained gondolas up to the very carved door-way; any where but in that quiet little parlor. Decidedly there was a mystery. Under all the careless talk and jesting of the past two weeks reserve was on one side, suspicion on the other.

If ever the domestic barometer stood at Panic it was on the morning that Dale, leaving his handful of cavalry in the little village below, galloped up to see Lute, whom he had sworn should not resist him always. If ever there was an incomprehensible story it was Lute's account of this Vivia, a friend of whom Dale (who had grown up with her) had never heard. If ever there was unaccountable daring, it was that of this girl who had chosen to traverse a distracted country with no other protection than that of an infirm old uncle, at a time when Federalists and Confederates occupied M—— in such quick succession that often while one end of the street was clattering with retreating cavalry the other resounded with the quick advancing tramp and triumphal roll of drums. If ever there was an old man whose hand looked as if it might forget its trembling, whose eyes gave the lie direct to wrinkles and white hair, whose back seemed as if its manifest destiny was to straighten, and whose totter came often perilously near a stride, it was this uncle of Vivia's, this Mr. Borden, taking snuff and being deaf near the hearth, in an afflicting way, as if from a stern sense of duty.

Hard for Dale Hamilton, twirling his mustache and watching keenly from under his eyelashes, not to think that a decrepitude so lightly worn might be thrown aside, even though the days of miracles were past, and show him—who knew?—Lieutenant Ogère perhaps; for Dale, who must have had a league with the birds of the air, chanced to know that his old rival was absent from the camp on secret duty.

Dale was better soldier than musical critic. His keen senses had caught the something unusual in the moral atmosphere, and he was on the track with the persistence of a sleuth-hound. Meanwhile silence had taken possession of them all. Doubtful Mr. Borden was in a doze. Vivia still couched near Lute, resting her cheek on Lute's little hand. Lute herself sat flushing uneasily, and with downcast lids.

"The angel is long in making his rounds," said Dale, at last. "I am sure his wings have never once neared my lips, for I have been trying uselessly all this while to think of something to say."

"Why try at all? Have you given bonds never to keep the peace?" quoth Vivia, the sarcastic.

"It is plain that you have done so, oh mine enemy!"

"Well, was it your profession?"

"Civilized warfare, but not such guerrilla skirmishing as yours. I can't so much as show my head but, whiz! one of you sends a bullet after me. I begin to think myself no match for such sharpshooters."

"Samson in the hands of two Delilahs. Be sure we don't send you back shorn."

A cold, cruel gleam shone in Dale's eyes.

"I have done so, Miss Vivia."

"You have done what?"

"Pardon me, but we don't go over the plan of our campaign with our enemies."

"As you like; but you know what that eminent authority 'Somebody' says—that man never yet climbed with painful effort up any height that he did not find a woman comfortably seated on the top. I give you warning. Keep your keys carefully; for do what you will you will have reason to chant 'laudamus,' if in the end I don't turn the guns of your own citadel upon you. Well, Mrs. Hall, what is it?"—(to the housekeeper who stood hesitating in the door-way.)

"If Miss Lute will please come here a moment and tell me what rooms I am to give Captain Hamilton's men—"

"Captain Hamilton's men!"

"Don't be alarmed. It is not the whole Southern army, as Mrs. Hall would have you think, only seven or eight of my fellows, whom I ordered here, thinking it would be better to have a guard about the house, as Federal troops are reported in the vicinity," explained Dale, leaning back, and scanning the little group with a keen-edged glance, that, resting last on Lute, said plainly,

"I have done with waiting and forbearance. Know me at last as the man whose iron purpose you have never shaken one hair's-breadth"—and holding her in a sort of fascinated attention till the angry flush and sparkle had dimmed away into a ghastly pallor—then,

"I think there will be no trouble," said Dale, gently.

Vivia gave Lute's hand a quick warning pressure.

"I am very hungry, Lute. Do you propose that Captain Hamilton's men shall be served up for supper, or will you give Mrs. Hall a hint what to do with them, and get them out of the way of the coffee?"

Lute started, got up mechanically and went out, and Vivia seated herself beside Dale. Her wide flowing skirts half buried him, her sleeve touched his, her every breath set free some vague sweet scent like the spirit of perfume. An incautious movement had tangled the heavily-wrought fringe on her bracelet with the lace of her sleeve, and she held out to him an arm and wrist not of the most delicate mould, but glancing white as snow in the dim light. Separating them proved no easy task. The lace was d'Alençon—impossible that it should be torn! the twilight was hard upon them, and Dale must sit very close to see. He cared not a whit for this mighty beauty—in his heart he had christened her Nimrod—but the soft curls swept his forehead, and the bright cheek was perilously close to his, and so Captain Hamilton was in no hurry.

Meantime Mr. Borden roused from his doze and shuffled out unnoticed, and Lute somewhere thawed out her benumbed faculties and came back looking very much as usual. Mrs. Hall brought in candles, and shut out the discontented wind and the eager darkness, and Lute brewed nectar, known as Mocha, in an arrangement that looked irresistibly like a lecture on chemistry; and the three sat cozily about the fire together, and fortunately there was no revealer of secrets to write out the thoughts of their hearts in letters of flame, and send them recoiling to opposite corners of the room in consternation like Belshazzar's.

So the time slipped lazily along with them, till at last they came to bedtime, and Lute could take her great anxiety to her own room and have it to herself.

It was then half past ten. She laid her watch on the toilet cushion, replaced her rustling skirts and heeled boots by a merino wrapper and soundless slippers, and sat down as if waiting. The hands traveled slowly on. The house settled down into such silence that Lute was half afraid to trust the air with her breathing lest it should sound out too noisily. Eleven o'clock—half past—a quarter to twelve—then her numbed heart began to beat to suffocation—ten minutes—five—three—she opened wide her door, put out the candle, and stole down the broad stairs. The gloom was profound, the stillness could be felt; but Lute thought that all the air vibrated to her passing, and that dumb matter itself would ring in the ears of the sleepers above. There is something stirring. The library-door was just ajar, the shadow denser there if possible, and, a little lighter than the surrounding blackness, but motionless as if a part of it—something stood directly before her.

She stretched out a timid little hand.

"Is it Paul?"

By way of answer the waif was seized in a firm, warm clasp and covered with kisses; and a pale point of light, gleaming faintly through the open fretwork of a vase shot up in a clear flame, striking on a gilt shoulder-strap and a sword-hilt, and showing the earnest, sparkling face of a man of twenty-seven or eight.

"Tardy little thing! behind the hour as usual," he whispered. "I have been waiting here an age!"

"Oh, hush! you are too loud."

"Too loud! for what? The mice will never tell of us. Sit here. I want to look at you. Such a shy child as you have been all these tantalizing two weeks, always at my finger ends, and always eluding me! Believe me, I have kept a record of all you have made me suffer, and have sworn to exact a righteous revenge."

All the while he was eagerly trying to look into the downcast face, but could see only the dark lashes resting on the ashy cheek, and a little rounded bit of chin.

"What am I to understand?" he asked, at last. "Have I displeased you?"

"No."

"Are you afraid of me?"

"Oh no!"

"Don't you love me?"

"Oh, Paul, how can you ask? But you know, you must feel yourself, how strange, how dreadful it is to meet like this!"

"I have been risking my life for the last two weeks to see you," he answered, gravely. "I suppose that is dreadful too; though it is worse than all, to my thinking, that you have neither word nor look for me at what is perhaps our last meeting."

"I think my presence here should be proof that I love you; but you do not know what terrors are distracting me. You are in immediate, pressing danger. I am sure Dale suspects."

"Are you no further in your conclusions? Then I have news for you. I am sure that Captain Hamilton has read our riddle, and—not suspects, but knows. You heard him this afternoon: now come to the window, close. Do you hear that? Steps are they not? pacing up and down with a regular measured tramp, and a slight click just now? He is setting his musket down to rest."

"He! what! You do not mean there is a sentinel without?"

"Exactly: and if you should go to the further door, as I have done, you would hear one there; and if you should venture into the bow-window, you would find one there; and another on the side of the dining-room, and one guarding the kitchen-way. The house is surrounded. You see Captain Hamilton plays to win."

"And you—"

"I have: hark!"—for in the air was that vague thrill and stir, not the echo of a step, not the sounding of a breath, yet surely some one coming. The faint flame quivered, leaped up and died out into blackness. Paul held Lute a moment close against his heart, and was gone into the darkness. Cold damp bathed her from head to foot, her knees bent, deathlike faintness assailed her, her heart stopped almost as she went dizzily toward the door. But she had not time to reach it. Outstretched fingers met her groping hand and closed upon it. She slipped, spirit-like, from the firm grasp, but it followed her close, caught her by the shoulder, touched her hair, her cheek, her icy hands.

"Lute! I thought so," said a voice. It was Dale. Dragging her after him, he lighted the lamp swinging low over the reading-table. His first glance was at her deathlike face, his second about the room: it was vacant, and Lute could not suppress a sigh of relief.

Dale caught the sigh, guessed its meaning, and flushed darkly. Thrusting her into a chair, "Sit there till I come back," he said, half savagely.

Common enough in romance, such swift terror, such crushing anguish comes in reality hardly once to one lifetime out of fifty; and Lute sat stunned beneath it, not even capable of shaping into words her prayer for help. Looking scarce alive, Dale found her on his return; and as he stood looking down on her his dark face softened in spite of himself, she was such a fragile, nestling little creature, and looked so utterly woeful. And she was the woman he had loved all his life, and he longed beyond measure to gather her up in his arms and to his heart. For the moment he forgot that she loved Paul Ogère.

"Oh, Lute, if you would but love me!" he burst out on the sudden. But she shrank with only too palpable aversion from his kindling glance, his extended arms.

He grew white to the very lips.

"I will buy Lieutenant Ogère's charm of him for his life," he said, with smothered passion, "though I will not prove so exacting. I will not require midnight meetings. I will only ask civility."

The sneering tone, the stinging sarcasm, made Lute's torpor white heat.

"The life of Paul Ogère is not yet in your gift," she answered, with spirit, "and our midnight meeting rests on your assertion. But be it so. You have no right to taunt me. I love him, and I am his affianced wife."

"You love him! You dare tell me that!"

"Yes, a hundred times over, with whatever force there is in my nature—so well that every thing besides him is tame, mean, and joyless, so that I can think of nothing pleasant without him—with all my heart and soul!"

"It is well," Dale answered, bitterly. "We were old schoolmates. I am not anxious to see him shot."

"What do you mean?"

"Simply this. I know perfectly that Paul Ogère is in this house. Long ago I penetrated his disguise. He wears old age too lightly to baffle Dale Hamilton. There is at this moment a guard before his door; there is one below his window; there are sentinels at every corner of the house. He is a Federal spy. My duty as a Confederate officer is clear enough, and should be paramount; but fortunately, perhaps, for him, I have in this case a love dearer than that of country—my love for you."

"Love!" echoed Lute, scornfully.

"Call it will, then, if you like—an intense desire—a firm intention—what you choose. I have seen scores of women prettier and wittier than you, but you please me; you are precisely what I should like and mean to find in my home. I like your deft touch, your soft voice, your clear look. Others may choose to wear such rainbow glories as that Vivia. I prefer the subtle flame burning in the lily vase. Never yet in my whole life have I wished uselessly; I shall not now."

Lute looked up with sudden flame in her eye, but Dale gave her no chance to speak.

"Hear me out. I have borne patiently your little slipper on my neck, because I waited for my hour. It is here now; and, believe me, I mean to use it. Know how determined I am when I tell you what I am about to sacrifice: my honor—the honor of a Hamilton! To use the advantage I have gained against one so helpless is base, and yet I mean to do it; to listen to any other prompting than that of duty deserves hanging, and I mean to do it. I am going to betray my country and myself; to sell you the life of the spy caught and imprisoned up stairs for your hand!"

Lute was silent.

"Your answer!" demanded Dale.

She was shivering, she was faint, trembling; but her will looked out at him, from the soft brown eyes, unshaken, indomitable.

"I will not commit a crime," she answered, slowly, "not to save Paul's life, were it in your power, as you say. A hundred times no!"

"I see. You do not believe," returned Dale, quietly. "Good. Perhaps to-morrow I shall find means to convince you. To-morrow evening I will hear your final answer. Now good-night!"

Lute made no answer, but went wearily up the stairs. Passing the door of Mr. Borden's room she saw the guard of which Dale had spoken pacing up and down before it, and smiled, meaningly.

Morning, that was not so far off when Lute and Captain Hamilton parted, came soon enough. Came also, though a little later than usual—as a consequence of the quiet little house's astonishment in finding itself a prisoner—breakfast. Dale made his appearance promptly. Lute came also, tolerably serene, though looking pale and heavy-eyed. But Mr. Borden, when called, responded not; and, on being searched for, was not to be found. Neither door nor window had been opened in his room; hiding-place there was none; and yet he was gone. Dale then remembered that he had not seen him since so blissfully engaged over Vivia's bracelet: but there was the meeting in the library. Dale was positive that he had heard voices there. How Borden could have escaped the sentinels passed comprehension. How he himself could have trusted so blindly to the mere fact of the guards he found hard to explain in the cool morning light. He had wished to spare Lute a scene; he had been so sure that he had Paul securely trapped. However, it helped very little to curse his folly now. Vivia also was *non est*. She had gone quietly to the stables perhaps a quarter of an hour before, possibly while the guard stationed at the kitchen-way was doing justice to the excellent coffee to which old Nanny had called his attention. Certainly so simple an occurrence needed not Dale's strained interpretation of the connivance of the cook in a plan of escape. "Nothing could well be more natural," as Lute coldly observed; the man was worn-out with his night's duty—the cook thoughtful. It was hard that mere acts of civility to Captain Hamilton's soldiers should be so harshly construed; and given this reprehensible sentinel busy over his coffee, it was still paying a poor compliment to Confederate valor not to suppose six of its champions a competent guard for an old man and a girl.

One man had seen Vivia dash past, he said, "like lightning, and had pointed his gun at her, but of course he didn't fire on a lady. He thought there could be no great mischief in a girl's having a scamper before breakfast, specially an out-and-outer like this one, that had been dashing over all the country ever since she had been there."

One faint gleam only showed on Dale's horizon as he swore inwardly over the stupidity of his subordinates. Vivia had taken what was familiarly known as the Old Road; while the men scoured the country for Borden he could take a short cut leading down on the Old Road, and even fifteen minutes' start was not hopeless with such a horse as Goliffe.

So he thought, dashing recklessly across the country, looking keenly for a flowing skirt and a cap and plume set daintily over short, crisp curls; saw them presently, just before him, going at a steady, swinging pace.

"Vivia!" he called—"Vivia!"

She could hardly have heard him—it must have been instinct that made her turn—but she reined up in the instant, waiting for him with the old baffling, mocking smile.

"You ride early and fast, Captain Hamilton."

"I have need," said Dale, sternly; "your uncle (an emphasis on the noun) has escaped."

"Escaped what? the ills that flesh is heir to?" she asked, with perfect coolness.

"No; though he may have an excellent opportunity, if I can but catch him."

"Meantime you have not caught him."

"This is folly, Miss Vivia; you must ride back with me," returned Dale, with increasing irritation.

"Must! What is that? It is a word never used with me. Will you speak English that a lady can understand?"

"I will supply you with a dictionary and a grammar on reaching home, and you may study them at leisure; but I can not alter the form of my speech. To be plain, you are a suspected person. You must return with me."

"Hands off!" exclaimed Vivia, with a dangerous sparkle of the eyes, as he attempted to take her reins. "If you have a 'must,' I have a will. I will ride where I choose, and I warn you not to cross me."

"Idle and unbecoming bravado," returned Dale, scornfully drawing closer.

"Once more I warn you."

"I insist—"

"You will have it, then;" and the butt end of a pistol came crashing down on his head with a force that felled him senseless. Vivia looked down at him ruefully.

"'Hard-head Hamilton,' that was his sobriquet at school, and he has not altered," she muttered, springing from her saddle. "Let me see if—the devil take this toggery!" as she tripped over her long skirt—"how do women ever get about in it?" And then the birds, if birds there were, must have opened eyes of astonishment; for with one pull, skirt, basque, corset, and padding went to the winds; and cap, curls, and massy coils of hair following, disclosed broad shoulders bearing the straps of a United States lieutenant, a closely shaved head, and an eagle-eyed sparkling face, that, spite of paint and penciling, looked sufficiently unfeminine—Paul Ogère, in short.

Meantime Lute was praying by her little snow-white bed: "Lord, it is nothing with thee to help, whether with many or with them that have no power. Help us, O Lord our God, for we rest on thee!"

And Borden the venerable, otherwise Jack Borden, Paul's lieutenant, having prudently departed before the posting of the sentinels, had fallen in with a detachment of the Twelfth Illinois. And is not the rest written in the chronicle of the dailies—how Voss had possession of M——, totally routing the rebel troops, and mentioning the most daring reconnoissance of Lieutenant Ogère, and the capture of Captain Hamilton, omitting only the sweetest prisoner of all, one Lute, who, as she had promised long before, yielded herself prisoner, rescue or no rescue, and is at this present writing Mrs. Paul Ogère?

THE TRICK OF THE TRAPEZE.

WHEN I practiced as a boy on the gymnastic "swinging-bar," nobody ever heard of a trapeze; but under that fine name the old swinging-bar has now come into glory. Well it might, if there were truth in picture posters. Surely, methought, I have much yet to learn. Never had I been taught to stiffen myself horizontally, with arms stretched to their utmost, fingers extended, and one leg straight, with the other assuming that air of "kicking gracefulness" so much deprecated in painting, but so generally introduced into wood-cuts. Neither, when I throw a somersault, am I in the habit of projecting my chin, forcing my occiput between my shoulder-blades, and thrusting my arms forward as if about to take the first stroke in swimming. Yet, if artists really draw from life, as certain accessories would suggest they did, these are the attitudes assumed by Leotard and his followers, and all my teachings are radically false. Of course I went to see for myself, and had the satisfaction of finding that old-fashioned gymnastics were not superseded after all, and that the strange attitudes of the performer are perhaps owing to the inability of the non-gymnastic artist to resolve the rapid and ever-varying movements of the trapezist. It is simply impossible for a man to project himself horizontally through the air as if he had been shot out of a catapult. If any one will take the trouble to watch a performer while passing along the series of trapezes, he will find that the position is almost entirely perpendicular, and that when he is sweeping through the air between the trapezes the body is as upright as when he stands on the dull earth. Neither is the gymnast foolish enough to stretch out his arms after the fashion of engravings. He keeps his arms bent, with hands close to the chest, ready to dart them out and grasp at the approaching trapeze. For it is always easier to fling the arm forward than to draw it back; and whereas too short a stroke will merely cause the performer to come to the ground, a casualty for which he is always prepared, an overshot stroke will assuredly break one arm if not both, and hurl the unfortunate gymnast on his head or flat on his back.

There is this remarkable feature in muscular, as indeed in literary and all other gymnastics, that the inexperienced public invariably mistakes the important points, fails to appreciate the really difficult part of the performance, and preserves all its applause for the simplest and easiest, but the most showy feats. As a muscular gymnast, I speak feelingly; for I have often exhibited before select assemblies, and have invariably found that really difficult achievements have been silently passed over, while easy but dashing feats, such as throwing a somersault over a horse, or dropping from a trapeze and catching by the feet, are rewarded with loud cheers. So it is with the performances of the many trapezists who have followed in the track of Leotard, the great master of his art. It is no very difficult matter to pass from one trapeze to another. It requires a certain dash and courage, but not more than a thorough course of gymnastics can impart to any ordinary pupil, the difficulty being, of course, in exact proportion to the distance between the trapezes. The real skill lies in the absolute exactness of balance, in the seizing of the bar at the precise moment when the weight of the body is brought to bear in the proper direction, and in the perfect line in which the body is "delivered" between the ropes.

It is not enough merely to catch the bar. Any one can do that who dares. The first great point is to catch it so as to preserve the original impetus, and to be able to add fresh force when required, as is always the case before the trapezist has come to the end of his swing. The necessity for such a power is evident from the fact that if a leaden mass of the same weight as the performer were fastened to the rope and launched from the elevated perch, it would not return to the point whence it started, owing to the resistance of the air (which feels to the performer like being whirled along on the outside of an express train) and the friction of the swivels whereon the ropes are suspended. The performer must therefore have a perfect command over the instrument, and be able to give to the return swing an additional force which will serve to compensate for the loss of power through resistance of the air. No one who has not personally experienced this resistance can form the least idea of its intensity, of the fierce rush of air as of a tornado, and the entire deprivation of breath which it occasions to the neophyte.

In the somewhat severe school where I learned my lessons the arrangements were so exactly balanced that the loss of a pound's weight of force or the slightest deviation from the precise line would produce inevitable and ignominious failure. After we had practiced on the trapeze for some time, and were tolerably proficient upon it, we were shifted to the single rope, without a bar for the hands, or even a knot as a resting-place. This rope hung from the centre of the building, and was long enough to reach within twenty inches of the ground. We ascended a perpendicular ladder at one end of the building, had the rope thrown to us, and were just able to catch the extremity and to hold it, with arms stretched to their utmost. The feat was to launch ourselves from the ladder, swing to the opposite end of the building, turn in the air, swing back again, and reassume our perch on the ladder. It is hardly possible to exaggerate the difficulty of this feat. The reader will observe that, owing to the length of the rope, and the very limited space which intervened between its extremity and the ground, it was necessary to gather up the body by the mere force of the arms, exactly in the spot where the strain is most terrible, to allow the body to elongate gradually as it passed the centre of the swing, to turn round in the air when at the end of the sway, there to "put on" force enough to return, and lastly to pass back to the ladder, the process of gathering up and elongating the body having to be again gone through. The force of the strain depends upon the position of the performer. When he has come to either end of the swing, there is a moment when he is suspended motionless in air, the body being balanced between the two forces. It is just that moment which is chosen for shifting from one side of the trapeze to the other, for turning in the air, or performing similar feats. Should the performer loosen his hold at that instant he would fall to the ground like a stone. As the body swings toward the centre, the strain is gradually increased, until it reaches the climax, just under the spot where the ropes are suspended, appearing to a novice as if it would tear his arms out of their sockets. It may be imagined, therefore, what must have been the difficulty with the single rope, with which there was never more than an inch to spare, and where the relaxation of that single inch was sure to produce disastrous results. I have seen aspiring novices, whose ambition has overleaped their prudence, attempt the single rope before they had subjected the muscles of the arms and loins to sufficient training, and so make of themselves a most pitiable example as a warning to the thoughtless. It is a very pleasant thing to perform the feat, to feel the fierce luxury of the sweep through the air, and the inward satisfaction of difficulties overcome. But it is not pleasant to give way just in the centre of the swing, to be ground ignominiously along the earth for several yards in a series of spiral evolutions, impossible to be checked, but causing an excruciating rasp to the skin, and grinding to bits that portion of the dress which happens to be lowest. Neither is the slow painful walk homeward agreeable, nor is it very pleasant to be debarred at all times, and in all companies, the natural use of a chair, and to be forced to rest in strange and ungainly attitudes until the superficial but very painful injuries are healed.

A second important element in the proper management of the trapeze is, that the weight shall be thrown precisely on the centre. If the hands should grasp the bar on one side, or if the weight of the body should be thrown to the right or left, even by a single pound, the result is to force the trapeze out of the due line, and to put an immediate stop to the performance. A side weight on a trapeze is every whit as powerful as a siding on a billiard-ball, and it is quite possible for a master of the art to swing round an obstacle placed directly in his path, or even to steer his way between two objects that are only just sufficiently apart to permit the bar to pass between them.

The third element of success is the exact timing of the swing, so that the bar shall be caught just as it poises itself for the return. Of course, if the performer should be too late, he is forced either to wait for another swing, or to throw a somersault, come to the ground, and start afresh. But should he be too hasty and meet the bar as it swings toward him, the two opposing forces neutralize each other, a sharp stunning jerk ensues, and the performer either loses his hold and falls to the ground, or finds himself checked in mid-career, all out of time, and his arms strained as if they had been subjected to severe treatment on the rack.

There is not the least difficulty in passing from the first trapeze to the second; the real difficulty lies in the passage from the second to the third, and from the third to the fourth, because in order to achieve that feat it is needful that the timing should be accurate as that of a chronometer, and the weight thrown precisely in the proper place. I know few disappointments which sting so sharply at the time as "missing the tip" at this exercise. You are in full sway, feeling every thing go like clock-work, your trapezes are swinging to perfection, you get careless of your stroke, you catch your bar just a trifle on one side, and away you go out of the line in a horridly ignominious manner, having suffered a defeat that can not by any dexterity be metamorphosed into a victory. You can not conceal your misfortune by throwing a somersault and looking as if you meant it, because you are swinging diagonally, and a diagonal somersault is apt to produce very unpleasant sensations about the hips, besides the great probability of flinging the unhappy performer on his back. You can not make a dash at the next trapeze, because your little circuit has lost the time, and you would be too late. So there you swing between heaven and earth, a misery to yourself, and an object of derision to the spectators. We have certainly seen Leotard commit this error, and force himself again into the line before reaching the next trapeze, but the skill and strength required to do so are of such a nature that none but a consummate master of the art would dare to attempt so hazardous a feat. It will be seen that the error only tends to perpetuate itself. Just as a rifle-ball that misses a target by a few inches at a distance of a hundred yards will miss it by many yards at ten times that distance, so an error of a foot at the first trapeze will increase to a yard at the second.

The effect of the second mistake, namely, an error in point of time, is equally disagreeable. You meet the second trapeze too soon, and the fault instantly makes itself felt by the blow of the bar against the hands, and the succeeding jerk, which seems to dislocate half the joints in the body. Your feet get in advance of your hands; you make a frantic effort to recover the lost force; you catch the next bar; you reach the little perch from which you started, and you flatter yourself that you have just managed to smooth over the difficulty. Vain hope! No sooner have your feet touched the perch, and you give the little sway that brings you upright, than you gently tip over forward, and away you go again on a palpably bootless errand. There is no help for it, and the only plan is then to accept the position like a man, come to the ground, remount the perch, and start afresh.

It is a glorious exercise this trapeze. There is nothing like it in gymnastics for fascination or usefulness. The mystery seizes its votaries heart and soul and enlists them forever in its service, from which no deserters ever abscond, against which no traitors ever turn. I know of few sensations more soul-stirring than the exultant feeling of freedom which pulses through the frame as one sweeps through the air and hears the wind rush by. Then, to hurl one's self through space, to feel perfectly safe whether suspended by the hands or legs, whether swinging at full length or gathered up into an undistinguishable bundle of arms and legs, is a sensation that is worth feeling. Accomplished swimmers partake of a similar feeling of elation when tossing upon the lofty waves, lying coolly as the rolling billows raise their recumbent bodies aloft or lower them gently into the watery valleys, where nothing is to be seen but water around and sky above, and yet enjoying the sense that they are in perfect safety, and that they are masters of the element.

I have tried almost every gymnastic apparatus, including the slack and tight ropes, now euphuistically called by French titles, and am of opinion that the trapeze is superior to them all for the many merits which it combines. It develops exactly the very muscles in which we, as a nation, are deficient, namely, those of the chest and loins, and imparts a strength that can be obtained in no other manner. Let a man, no matter how powerful his muscular system, be put on a trapeze for the first time, and set off swinging, or even allowed to hang motionless, and then told to bring his feet over the bar, he will find the apparently simple task as practically impossible as jumping over the moon. He will kick and plunge about like a drowning man, will get very red in the face, and make himself an altogether ridiculous object: every plunge will only serve to exhaust his failing powers, and in a very short time he will be forced to loosen his hold.

Now there are continually cases where the simple ability to raise the feet to the level of the hands, or to hang by the finger-tips, will save a man's life, and possibly through him the lives of many others. In modern houses the staircases are mere fire-traps, and are built as if for the express purpose of leading the flames through the house in the quickest way, and effectually debarring the inmates from their ordinary mode of escape. Most men, on finding their egress by the stairs cut off by a body of rushing flame, would either leap out of window and fracture their limbs, or perish miserably in the smoke. But a gymnast will instinctively put his head out of window, and with a glance take in the surrounding conditions. Should there be time, he will quietly lower himself by a rope extemporized from sheets and blankets; should there be a water-spout within reach, he will descend as easily as down a ladder; or should there be a parapet above, he will seize it with his hands, draw his feet over, and escape to another house, or at all events to the side of the house which is yet free from the flames. Or he can pass along a ledge only an inch in depth, by shifting his hands, and so transfer himself to a friendly spout, or traverse the wall until he finds a suitable place on which to drop. Failing even such slight advantages as these he can suspend himself by his hands for an almost unlimited period; for the power of grasp that enables him to cling to the swift-moving trapeze through its wide swing renders the suspension of the body a very simple feat; and if at the same time he can find a resting-place for a foot, his position will be quite easy, even though his feet should be higher than his head. A trapezist is perfectly indifferent as to the relative position of his head and feet, having been accustomed to swing by his legs, insteps, or even by a single leg hitched over the bar. He never becomes giddy at a height, or at a sudden reversal of attitude, and is happily ignorant of the inconvenience caused by the blood rushing to the head.

For instruction the trapeze is unrivaled, as it forces the pupil to apply his powers in a proper direction. If, for example, he is being taught to develop his chest by grasping the bar and lifting himself until his chin is above his hands, he can not effect the feat by a jerk or a swing, as on a fixed bar, for unless the force be exactly perpendicular the trapeze swings away and balks the irregular attempt. If, again, the loins and abdominal muscles are to be strengthened, the pupil can not injure himself by vain plunges with his legs, for no sooner does he push his feet forward than he sets the trapeze off into a circular kind of swing, and down come his feet to the ground.

When once the course of instruction has been completed, and the gymnast feels himself fairly at home on his bar, he may be assured that he has attained a skill for which he will ever feel grateful, and the benefit of which he will never lose. Even after long disuse, and in spite of the natural stiffness brought on by increasing years and a sedentary life, the power remains, though its exercise is not so easy as in the olden times, and a swing on the bar produces unpleasant stiffness the next morning. I, who write, have learned this fact from practical experience. For the space of fourteen years I was debarred from gymnastic exercises, and never even saw a trapeze, except at a circus. Yet, upon returning into country life, I hung an extemporized trapeze on the branch of a tree, and was surprised to find that I could twist about the bar as in the days of yore, though with a little more expenditure of labor, and could swing by a single leg with perfect confidence, and fling myself to the ground by a backward somersault with ease and certainty. Of course I must not be understood to imply that ordinary pupils should be taught to perform the daring and difficult feats which are achieved by professional acrobats, whose whole lives are devoted to muscular development. But a good steady working mind requires a healthy body for its lodgment, and the intellect is not only more enduring, but is keener and brighter when the body is in thorough health: a blessing which now seldom falls to the lot of those whose work is of the brain unduly more than of the hands. The present writer owes all his health to the course of gymnastics through which he passed.

GENERAL BANKS'S EXPEDITION.

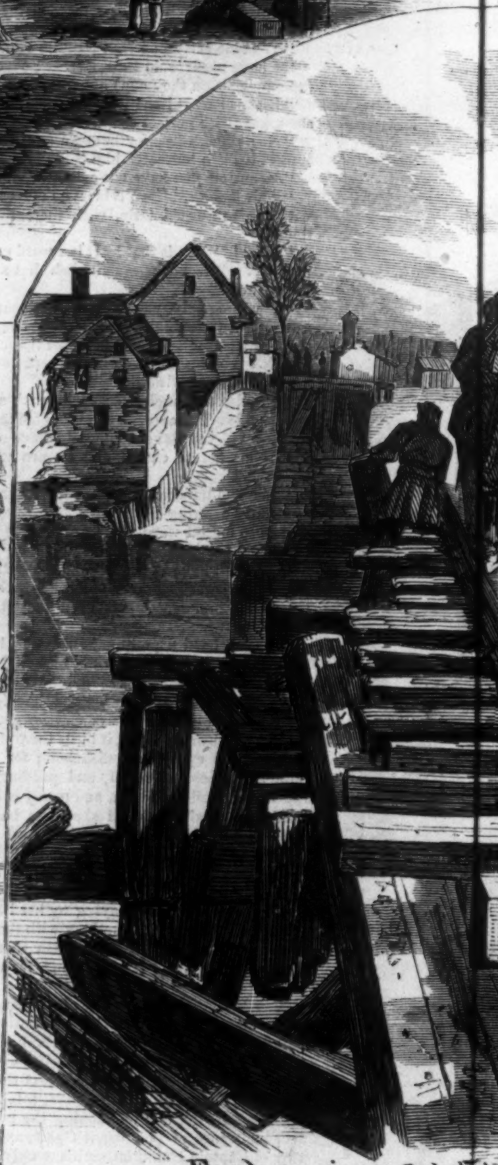
ON page 788 we give a fine illustration of the camp on the Union Course, Long Island, where a large portion of the forces which are to sail under General Banks have been encamped. Many regiments have been or are still there; at one time there were something like 10,000 men in camp. At first the accommodations for so large a body of men were rather defective. Several regiments, fresh from comfortable quarters at home, were compelled to camp out on the ground without shelter, tents, or protection of any kind against the rain and cold. But we have not heard that the exposure has produced any great increase of sickness among the men. Fresh air is a very wholesome thing after all. By the time these lines are read the camp on the Union Course may be vacated, and the troops on the way to the scene of action. General Banks is working with untiring energy to complete his preparations and get into the field.

PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA.

WE publish on page 789 a view of the city of PETERSBURG, Virginia, of which our readers may hear something before long. Petersburg is a city of some 17,000 people, situated on the Appomattox River, some twelve miles above its entrance into the James. It is twenty-three miles from Richmond, and in the event of a southern attack on the rebel capital would become in some degree the key to the movement. Vessels of 100 tons can run up as far as Petersburg, and carry off large quantities of flour and tobacco. Before the war Petersburg was quite a thriving place, contained several manufactures, and did a good deal of business. Like the other cities of Virginia, it has been ruined by the atrocious folly of the leaders of the rebellion; if present indications be reliable, it may yet see a darker day than it has hitherto witnessed.

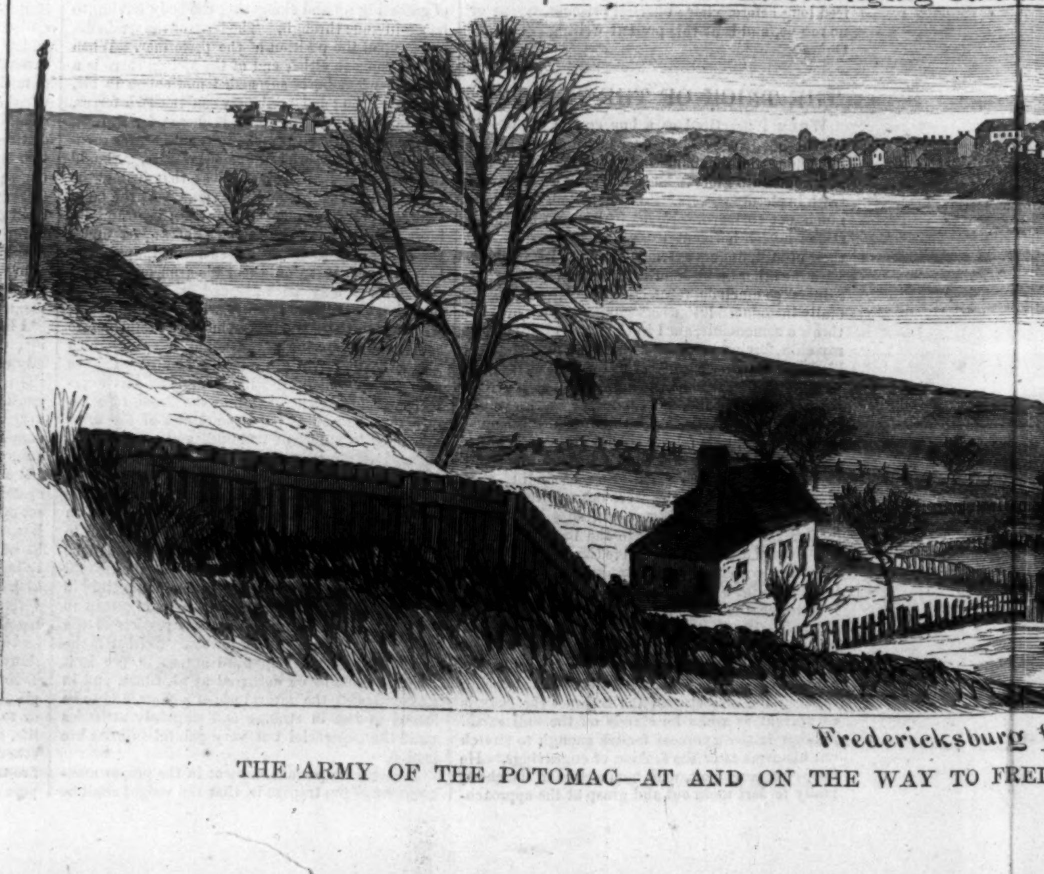
Warrenton Junction Va.

Catlett Station Va.



Exchanging Salut

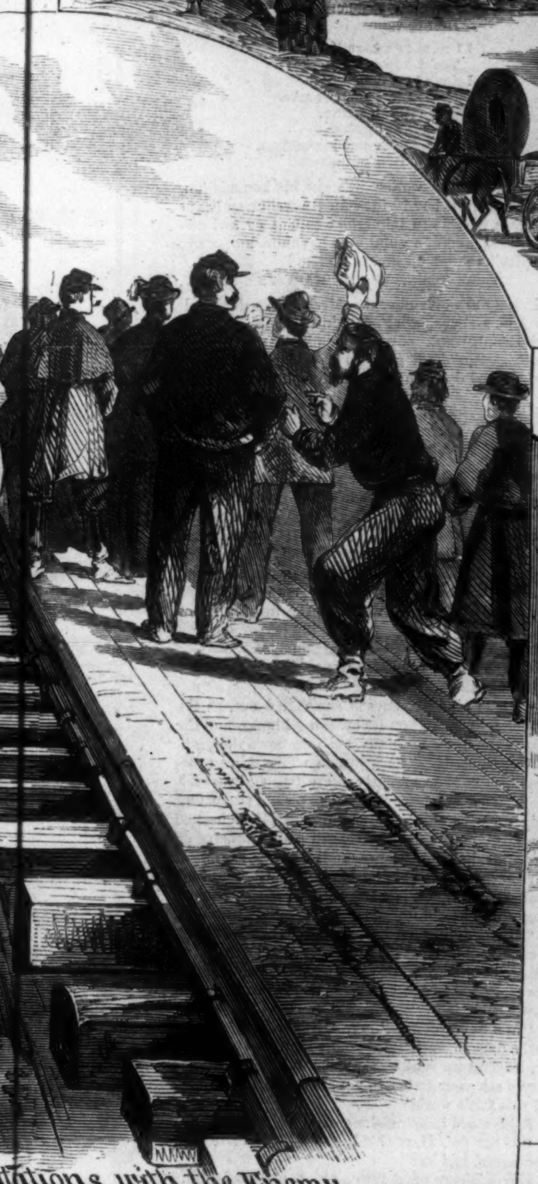
Railroad Bridge over Cedar Run.



Fredericksburg

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—AT AND ON THE WAY TO FRE

Gen! Burnside's headquarters at Weaverville.



itions with the Enemy.

Street in Warrenton Va.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

g from Falmouth.

Searching the Map for the right Road.

REDERICKSBURG.—From Sketches by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 794.]

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

WE devote pages 792 and 793 to illustrations of the Army of the Potomac, from sketches by our special artist, Mr. A. R. Waud. Mr. Waud thus describes his pictures:

SCENES ON THE MARCH FROM WARRENTON TO FREDERICKSBURG.

The first sketch is a little street scene in the town of Warrenton, garnished with wagons, forage, soldiers, etc., the inhabitants remaining mostly out of sight.

From Warrenton the army moved toward Catlett's Station, near which place they encamped for the night. The iron wheels and other indestructible portions of railroad cars, as well as the charred remains of various things burned up by the rebels, show traces of Stuart's visitation while Pope was falling back upon Washington.

A short distance from Catlett's is Cedar Run, over which the railroad passes on a trestle bridge, which appears to temporarily occupy the place of a once better structure destroyed at a previous period. Not much farther on is the junction of the Warrenton branch with the main line of railroad. This was quite a busy spot while the army lay to the west of it, and when the sketch was made was occupied by the Eleventh Massachusetts and other regiments, part of General Sickles's division.

After leaving Catlett's and Weaverville, a short distance from the former place, the troops crossed Cedar Run, and marched on toward Aquia and Falmouth. Burnside's head-quarters were expected to proceed to a locality called the Spotted Tavern; whether they ever got there, which I believe they did not, or even if such a place is in existence—seriously doubted by many—is uncertain. One thing, however, is certain: about half the officers got lost (in spite of much careful study devoted to the maps of the period), bringing up at all sorts of places in search of quarters till returning day should enable them to renew the search for the lost camp of head-quarters.

It is rather comical to notice the rapidity with which neighboring rail-fences are demolished when a halt is ordered. The men directly organize a rail brigade—a kind of rail-ery not at all relished by the unfortunate natives whose fences make such desirable fuel, being cut and dried for the purpose.

From Falmouth we got the first view of Fredericksburg, which I presume has been often described before. It is a deserted-looking place; the church clock, however, sounds the hour regularly—a *strange, familiar* sound. The rebel pickets line one bank of the river, ours the other. In the streets of the city they can be seen lounging about, although they do not seem to have that curiosity about us which we manifest toward them. On one of the houses an English flag (the cross of St. George) is flying, and in the country beyond the smoke of the camps shows that a large force is there.

UNION AND REBEL SOLDIERS ON OPPOSITE SIDES OF THE BURNED RAILWAY BRIDGE.

This is a favorite spot for the soldiers of either army to meet within speaking distance and exchange remarks, frequently of an uncomplimentary character. Proposals for all sorts of exchanges (impossible of accomplishment) are made—such as offers to barter coffee or tea for whisky or tobacco, gray coats for blue ones—the rebels walking about in the clothes they have taken from Uncle Sam's men prompting the proposal. The seceshers show a laudable anxiety to get New York papers for Richmond publications; a number of them have asked after their Commissary and Quarter-master (meaning Pope and M'Dowell), and they generally express a belief that they "will whack the Union army now M'Clellan is gone." To their inquiry of our men, "How do you like Bull Run?" they receive for answer, "What do you think of South Mountain?" Some witty remarks are made on both sides, but it usually ends in a general blackguarding. One of them told a Zouave that they should shortly come over to look after us. "Yes," he answered; "so you will, under a guard."

GENERAL BURNSIDE AND HIS MARSHALS.

WE publish on page 785 a portrait of GENERAL BURNSIDE, the Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the Potomac, of the Commanders of the three Grand Divisions, GENERALS HOOKER, SUMNER, and FRANKLIN; and of the Chief of the Reserve, GENERAL SIGEL. All are from portraits by Brady.

Of Major-General Burnside we published a very full biographical sketch only two weeks ago. We need only append here the following anecdote which we find in the *Evening Post:*

THE SECRETARY AND THE SOLDIERS.

It is about twenty years since one of the members of the present Cabinet was a member of Congress from a distant Western State. He had the usual right of designating a single candidate for admission to the West Point Military Academy. The applications made to him for a vacancy which then existed were not many, but among them was a letter from a boy of sixteen or seventeen years of age, who, without any accompanying recommendations or references, asked the appointment for himself. The member dismissed the appeal from his mind, with perhaps a passing thought of the forwardness and impudence of the stripling who could aspire to such a place on no other grounds than his own desire to get a good education at the public expense.

But happening a short time afterward to be in the little village whence the letter was mailed, the incident was recalled to his memory, and he thought he would beguile the few hours of leisure that he had by looking up the ambitious youth. He made his way, by dint of much inquiry, to a small tailor's shop on the outskirts of the town, and when he was admitted at the door he found a lad sitting cross-legged upon the tailor's bench, mending a rent in an old pair of pantaloons. But this lad had another occupation besides his manual toil. Near by, on a small block of wood, rested a book of abstruse science, to which he turned his eyes whenever they could be transferred from the work in his hands. The member accosted him by the name given in the letter, and the lad replied "I am the person." "You wish, then, to be appointed a cadet at West Point?" "I do," he rejoined. "Why?" asked the Congressman. "Because," answered the tailor youth, "I feel that I was born for something better than mending old clothes." The member talked further with him, and was so pleased with his frankness, his spirit, and the rare intelligence he evinced that he procured him the appointment.

The member is now Secretary Smith, of Indiana, and the youth General Burnside, Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the Potomac. We should not be surprised if that boy—an excellent specimen of our Northern mud-sills—were destined to hoist the American flag to its old place on the Capitol at Richmond.

The following sketches will introduce the other Generals to the reader:

GENERAL HOOKER.

Major-General Joseph Hooker was born in Massachusetts about the year 1817, and is consequently about forty-five years of age. He entered West Point in 1833, and graduated in 1837, standing No. 28 in a class which included Generals Benham, Williams, Sedgwick, etc., of the Union army, and Generals Bragg, Mackall, and Early of the rebel forces. At the outbreak of the war with Mexico he accompanied Brigadier-General Hamer as Aid-de-camp, and was brevetted Captain for gallant conduct in several conflicts at Monterey. In March, 1847, he was appointed Assistant Adjutant-General, with the rank of Captain. At the National Bridge he distinguished himself, and was brevetted Major; and at Chapultepec he again attracted attention by his gallant and meritorious conduct, and was brevetted Lieutenant-Colonel.

At the close of the war with Mexico he withdrew from the service, and soon afterward emigrated to California. The outbreak of the rebellion found him there, and he was one of the first of the old West Pointers who offered his services to the Government. He was one of the first batch of Brigadier-Generals of Volunteers appointed by President Lincoln on 17th May, 1861; and was, on his arrival, placed in command of a brigade of the army of the Potomac, and subsequently of a division. From July, 1861, to February, 1862, he was stationed in Southern Maryland, on the north shore of the Potomac, his duty being to prevent the rebels crossing the river, and to amuse them with their river blockade while M'Clellan was getting his army into trim. This difficult duty he performed admirably.

When the army of the Potomac moved to the Peninsula, Hooker accompanied them in charge of a division. In the contest at Williamsburg his division bravely stood the brunt of the battle, the men of the Excelsior Brigade actually being mowed down as they stood up in line. At Fair Oaks the men again showed their valor, and the General his fighting qualities. In the various minor contests Hooker took his part and bravely went through with his share of the seven days' fights. When M'Clellan's army was placed under the command of General Pope, we find the names of "Fighting Joe Hooker" and the late General Kearney mentioned together in the thickest of the struggle; and at South Mountain and Sharpsburg he seems to have been second to no one. At the latter fight he was shot through the foot and obliged to leave the field; but for this accident, he thinks he would have driven the rebels into the Potomac. On his recovery he was appointed to the command of the Centre Grand Division of the army of the Potomac, and he is now in that command.

GENERAL SUMNER.

General Edwin V. Sumner, commanding the Right Grand Division of the army of the Potomac, was born in Massachusetts, about the year 1797, and was appointed to West Point, from New York, in 1815. He served in the infantry for eighteen years; in 1833 he was appointed Captain of Dragoons, and Major in 1846. He served in the Mexican war, and was brevetted Lieutenant-Colonel for gallant and meritorious conduct at Cerro Gordo; and Colonel for the same behavior at Molino del Rey. In 1848 he was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel of the First Dragoons. When the troubles broke out in Kansas a force of cavalry was sent to preserve the peace, and Colonel Sumner was placed in command. He discharged the delicate duties of his office with skill and success. On the election of Mr. Lincoln he was one of the four officers (Generals Pope and Hunter being two of the remainder) who were appointed by the War Department to escort the President-elect to Washington. The famous night-journey through Baltimore, which was undertaken in order to frustrate a plot for the assassination of the President, was resolved upon, against his counsels and in spite of his entreaties. After the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln Colonel Sumner was appointed to supersede General Albert S. Johnson (who turned rebel) in command of our force on the Pacific. He speedily set matters straight in that section of the country, and returned home, signalizing his return by the arrest of the traitor Gwin, of California, on the way. The authorities of New Granada attempted to prevent the passage of Gwin as a prisoner through their territory; but Sumner took the responsibility, and marched him across the Isthmus with a battalion of United States troops. On his arrival at Washington General Sumner was appointed to the command, first of a division and next of a corps in General M'Clellan's army. His conduct at Williamsburg has been the subject of much criticism, but at Fair Oaks he certainly vindicated his reputation for good soldiership and gallantry.

He has lately been appointed to the command of the Right Grand Division of the army of the Potomac, and led the advance on the march toward Fredericksburg.

GENERAL FRANKLIN.

William Benjamin Franklin was born in Pennsylvania about the year 1821, and entered West Point in 1839. He graduated at the head of his class in 1843; being a classmate of Ulysses S. Grant, Reynolds, Augur, etc. On the 1st of July, 1843, he was appointed a Brevet Second Lieutenant of Topographical Engineers, and on the 21st of September, 1846, received his full commission. He served in Mexico, and was brevetted First Lieutenant for gallant and meritorious conduct at Buena Vista, dating from February 23, 1847. This brevet was awarded in May, 1848. From July 1848 to 1850 he was Acting Assistant Professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy at the Military Academy at West Point. He was next placed on light-house duty, to which he was appointed in January, 1853. He received his full commission of First Lieutenant in March, 1853, and Captain on the 1st of July, 1857. In the Army Register for 1859 he was the junior captain but one in the corps, and in that of 1860 last but two. In the register for 1861 his name stands two degrees higher on the roll, there being four captains his junior. On the 14th of May, 1861, he was appointed to the colonelcy of the Twelfth United States Infantry, one of the new regular regiments organized at the commencement of the rebellion. With this rank he had charge of the first brigade of the third division of General M'Dowell's army at Bull Run.

He was appointed a Brigadier-General in July, and, on the reorganization of the army, was given the command of a division consisting of the brigades of Slocum, Kearney, and Newton, which afterward became the first division of the first army corps commanded by M'Dowell. When M'Dowell was directed to remain at Fredericksburg, Franklin was detached and sent to M'Clellan on the peninsula. No officer won higher distinction than he in the memorable contests on the march to Richmond, and as a reward for his gallantry he was appointed to the command of an army corps with the rank of Major-General of Volunteers. He won fresh laurels at the battles of South Mountain and Sharpsburg, and on the appointment of Burnside to the command of the army he was selected to command the Left Grand Division. He was considered by General M'Clellan one of his finest officers.

GENERAL SIGEL.

Major-General Franz Sigel was born at Baden, in Germany, in 1824, and is consequently thirty-eight years of age at the present time. He was educated at the military school at Carlsruhe, closed his course with honors, and obtained a high position in the army of his country. In the year 1847 he was esteemed by his brother officers the most scientific artillerist in Germany. When the rebellion broke out he took sides with the insurgents, lost his commission, and took service with the popular party. At one time he was in chief command of the popular army, and managed by a skillful retreat, in which he led away 30,000 men from a pursuing army of 80,000, and saved all his guns and trains, to elicit the warm eulogiums of the oldest soldiers in Europe. At the overthrow of the rebellion Sigel emigrated to this country.

Here he engaged in teaching, and fairly settled down to the dull life of a professor, and married the daughter of the principal of his academy. About the year 1858 he obtained a position in a college at St. Louis, and removed thither. When the rebellion broke out he tendered his services to the Government, and was given the command of the 2d Regiment of Union Volunteers, raised in St. Louis. He was soon appointed Brigadier-General, and accompanied General Lyon on his famous campaign against Price. At the battle of Springfield, where Lyon was killed, Sigel succeeded to the command, and withdrew our little army with skill and success. He subsequently commanded a corps throughout the bloodless campaign under Frémont; and when General Curtis was detached to operate in Arkansas, Sigel led one of his divisions. It is understood that he planned and won the great battle of Pea Ridge almost against the wishes of his superior, General Curtis. After the battle some difficulty about commands arose, and Sigel was called to Washington and given the command of Harper's Ferry. On the organization of the Army of Virginia a place was created for him by the resignation of General Frémont, and he accordingly took command of his army corps. In all the terrible battles which Pope fought in order to delay the advance of Lee against Washington Sigel took an active part. At the Rappahannock his cannon incessantly thundered; and though the enemy outnumbered him by at least five to one, he held them at bay until M'Clellan's army arrived at Washington. When the Army of Virginia was merged into the Army of the Potomac Sigel was given the command of the Twelfth Army Corps, which he retained until General Burnside was appointed to command the Army of the Potomac. He was then given charge of the Reserves, and specially intrusted with the duty of watching Jackson.

A LETTER FROM THE COUNTRY.

Tu the Edditer ov Harper's Weekly:

DEER MR. EDDITER,—Here I am, seeted in my roking-cheer by the winder, a gazin aout on the face ov natchur, which is a verry plesant okkerpashun ov mine. Tu speek es a poit,

The sun is lookin red,
With his brod beems overhed,
A spreddin himself like a peekok's tale, fur skorn;
And the branches ov the trees
Air a sqwingin in the breese
Like the flail ov Deeken Whipples when he's beatin aout his korn.

And the vue frum my winder is butiful—butiful!

But tho' I am a wooman I am no less an Administratrix, and it makes me mad tu heer peeple say wimmen don't know nawthin abaout pollytiks; but I tell yeou, Mr. Edditer, es a ginerul thing, thay air a plagey site smarter then the menfokes be, and ef we kood vote I gess sum pollytishuns that I kood menshun wood hev tu kum daown aout ov thare high-heeled boots mity qwick!

Bruther-in-law Stevens is wun ov 'em. He's marrid tu my sister Sophy (aour kat was named arter her), and the deer knows what she took him for! I'm shure it warn't fur his buty, fur he's es homely es a hedge-fense; nor was it his goodness, fur his temper is es kross and es krukid es an apple-tree bow.

He thinks thare aint nawthin like the Inglish. So du I, fur thet matter; fur thay're the meenest kritters under the sun, takin 'em es a nashun—but he thinks thay air perfeckshun.

It's Ingland here, and Ingland thare, till I wish tu goodness he was an Inglishmun and in his native kuntry!

What provokes me most is, Sophy awlways sides with her husband.

He was bostin the uther day abaout Ingland's "nutrality" in aour war, and haow the paper kalled *Punch* (a dretful intemperrit name fur a noospaper) sed a little while ago thet "Ingland was reely *romantick* in keepin nutral betwixt the Nawth and Saouth"—and sich like nonsensikal langwidge; and Sophy got so exsited abaout it that she up and cheered fur Qween Victory!

I sot rite daown tu my desk and rit the follerin effushun:

Ingland sez her nutrallity
Tu us Nawth is "*romantick;*"
Yu'd think sich tawk es that anuff
Tu drive a feller frantick!
Yet ef "romantick" meens tu be
Abuv awl komprehenshun,
She acks the most romanticklly
Ov enny state yu'll menshun!

Steve was orful mad, and thretened tu draown my Sophy (the kat, ov kourse); jest think ov thet! But I told him planely thet ef he tutched my kat I'd give him jessie pritty middlin qwick!

He immejitly subsidid.

Thet puts me in mind when the Prince ov Wails was heer Steve and Sophy, bein strong dimmykrats, were krasy tu see him. Thay akkordingly started daown tu Bostin wun raney day, but thay didn't git a single site ov the Prince, bekawse he'd left taown the day before.

Well, Cousin Sam Bailey, whare thay was visitin, is reel cute, and unbeknown tu enny wun he kut orf a lock ov his own hare, and giv it tu Sophy, awl rapped up in sentid paper, which yu kood smell harf a mile orf, marked,

"A lock ov hare frum the Prince of Wails's hed."

She was so delitid she maid her husbund buy a big brass locket tu keep it in, and wore it fur a watch a yeer and a harf, till wun day Sam told her ov it when we was awl toogether, and it riled her so she haint spoke tu his fokes sense.

We hed a grate konsert the uther nite in aour taown fur the bennefit ov a yung man whu wants tu volluntear fur a kommishun tu go tu the war. He kant go es a privit, bekawse he don't kno mutch abaout milliterry tackticks, and his fokes air afrade he wood shute sumbuddy he hadn't ort tu in thet kapassity.

So in awder tu git up lots ov simpathy fur him, tu petishun the Guvernur, thay got up this konsert, threu the influense ov sum ov the wimmen whu belong tu the solgers' Insanity Kommittee.

The proseeds is tu be deployed in hiring a reetired solger tu teech him haow tu put on his uniform and varius uther matters relatin tu the wur thet he aint mutch aqwainted with.

Fur a long time I stuck tu it I woodn't hev nawthin tu doo with it, but when I heered Sarah Blue sed the same, I was detarmined tu let her know she warnt the only wooman in Punkinsville, so I went rite the uther way.

Finully thay applied tu me tu rite a leetle poim fur the okkashun.

Arftur mutch urgin I konsentid, and rit wun tu the toon ov a well-known Sundy-skool mellody.

It was sung by the yung man himself, amid the wildist applawse, and kreeatid qwite a sensashun.

The Edditer ov aour paper sed it brot daown the haouse, but thet aint trew, fur I was thare myself, and not a timber ov it fell! It is still standin in awl its buty.

Ef yu don't mind hevin so mutch poitry in yure letters I'll rite it daown here. I kalled it

THE SONG OV THE ASSPIREING MAN.

I want tu be a kurnel,
With orfissers tu stand;
A kommishun in my poket,
A sord within my hand.
I'm tired ov staing raound hear,
Ambishun fills my brest—
O! I long fur a kommishun,
And I'd be a kurnel best!

My bussum's daly burnin
With pattriottick zeel,
No wurds my thorts kan utter,
Nor tell harf what I feel!
Wood I kood jine aour army,
Tu meat the rebbel foe;
O! I long tu be a kurnel—
Deer Guvernur, let me go!

I long tu be a kurnel,
Tho' a kaptansy I'd take;
I think I ort tu be wun,
Fur my deer kuntry's sake.
My eppylets air waitin,
I si like awl possest—
O! I must hev sum kommishun,
But I'd be a kurnel best!

I haint heered wether he's got his kommishun, but I gess he'll hev it, fur aour Guvernur awlways makes it a reule tu inkurridge tallent ov awl diskripshun; and ef a yung man hes ambishun, why, fur pity's sake, help him ef yu kan!

Yours treuly, CHARITY GRIMES.

P.S.—Fur the land's sake, Mr. Edditer, don't kall me *Mrs.* Grimes agin! I haint got any husband, and I don't want none till this plagey war is over. We hev sitin' enuff goin on elsewhare jest naow, and I shood dye rite orf ef I hed tu hev it tu hum.

C. G.

ALICE BANKGROVE'S SOLDIER.

THE gnarled old veteran of an apple-tree that overhung Squire Bankgrove's red brick house was tossing its boughs of pink-streaked apples to and fro in the September sunset; the level beams looked straight into the deserted robin's nest in its mossy fork; and Alice Bankgrove stood in the door-way shading her eyes with a pretty, sun-embrowned hand, and looking the while, as the western light, sifting through a canopy of moving leaves, covered her with narrow lines and zigzags of tremulous gold, like a bird peeping through the gilded wires of its cage!

"Home already, boys!" she called out, as the garden gate swung on its creaking hinges, and the hazel eyes flashed a sunny welcome down the path.

Boys, indeed! The *boys* whom Miss Alice apostrophized so patronizingly, were two stalwart fellows, either of whom could have picked the young lady up with one hand—handsome, olive-cheeked young giants, with the strength and symmetry of Hercules in their thews and sinews, as might have testified the shining heaps of newly-threshed grain they had left piled on the floor of the echoing, fragrant old barn under the hill!

"But why do you look so serious?" she added, the next minute. Ah, what curve of the lip, what quiver of the brow ever escaped a woman's quick eye? She read the two faces as if they had been open books.

"We have been talking, Alice," said the younger, a dark, open-browed young man of about twenty, leaning up against the door-way. "I am going to ask your father to get another hand to finish off this fall's work."

Alice stood in astonishment.

"What for, Harry? Irad hasn't been teasing you again, has he?"

Harry Moore burst into a great, mellow laugh.

"As if Irad's nonsense ever seriously annoyed me! No, Alice—the truth of the matter is that I feel like a fool threshing wheat here, when I ought to be standing in the ranks with a musket on my shoulder, fighting for the Stars and Stripes as my grandfather fought at Lexington and Bunker Hill!"

And as he spoke his dark eyes sparkled with inward fire, and a flush came on his sun-burned cheek.

"Hear him talk!" said Irad Curtis, shrugging his shoulders. "All moonshine, say I. Time enough to fight for the old flag when the old flag hasn't men enough to do its work, and sends word for Hal Moore and Irad Curtis to come along and lend a hand. Meanwhile, let every man mind his own business—that's my maxim!"

"I shall not wait for any such message," returned Moore, quietly. "I mean to be off, straightway—that is, Alice, if *you* think I'm doing right."

"I would volunteer to-morrow, if I were a man!" said Alice, instinctively clasping her hands together, and drawing a deep breath. Moore's face lighted up.

"That's enough, Alice!" said he.

Irad Curtis, standing in the shadow of the old apple-tree, quietly watched the two faces beyond with half-closed, vigilant eyes and a disagreeable curve to his lip.

"Wonder what Squire Bankgrove will say to all this," was his internal comment. "If he really means to give his daughter to a farm-hand, I don't see why my chances—with a little management—are not as good as Harry Moore's. She don't exactly like me; but if Harry really is in earnest about this volunteering business, it's the most obliging thing he could do just now. Once give me a clear field, and—"

Irad Curtis set his lips closely together as he entered the wide, cool hall where Squire Bankgrove—a hale, portly personage of about fifty, with ruddy cheeks, and locks thickly sprinkled with silver—sat in his elbow-chair, dozing over the newspaper.

Harry Moore walked straight up to him and broached the subject without unnecessary circumlocution.

"Squire Bankgrove, could you make it convenient to dispense with my services on the farm?"

"Well, I don't know," said the Squire, who was a man of reflection, and seldom committed himself without first consulting his snuff-box and his red silk pocket-handkerchief. Are you thinking of leaving me? I've no fault to find with *you*, Harry Moore!"

"Thank you, Sir. But I have made up my mind now that every young man's place is in the ranks of his country's defenders. And so, Sir, I shall enlist to-morrow!"

Squire Bankgrove brought down his clenched fist on the window-seat with a force that made the blackbird start in its wicker cage.

"Well said, my boy! I wish I was ten years younger, and I'd go 'long with you myself!"

"I am glad you approve it, Sir."

"Approve it, Harry! I don't do nothin' else!" cried the Squire, entirely heedless of the memory of Lindley Murray in his enthusiasm. "And when you come back, Harry, after you've done a *man's* duty on the battle-field—for you *will* come back—"

"Don't, father!" interposed Mrs. Bankgrove, who was wiping her spectacles very hard; "don't go to temptin' Providence that way!"

"Wife," said the old man, solemnly, "he will come back! Shall not the LORD of Battles be with him? As I was sayin', Harry, when that day arrives—"

"Then, Sir," said Harry, "will you consent to give me your daughter?"

He had spoken from a sudden impulse the words he would never have dared to utter under ordinary circumstances. No recalling them now, however, and Alice blushed redder than the reddest hollyhock by the garden wall! Squire Bankgrove opened his eyes wide, and slowly rubbed his nose, looking the while from Alice to Harry and back again.

"Well, I'm free to confess I hadn't thought o' *that*," said the Squire. "But, Harry Moore, you're made o' the right mettle, and I've always found you true to the back-bone. Yes; if Alice hain't no objections, you shall have her when you come back again."

And thus it happened that when Harry Moore went away to the wars a lock of Alice Bankgrove's silky hair lay upon his manly heart, and stirred to the music of its strong beatings.

"Whew-w-w!" whistled Irad Curtis, as he worked all alone in the perfumed silence of the old red barn; "I didn't suppose the affair would turn out precisely as it has done; but no matter—things may happen just right after all!"

And Irad Curtis was not a whit disheartened at the cool politeness with which Alice Bankgrove put aside the innumerable little courtesies he strove to render toward her all that fall—not he! There was a good deal of dogged perseverance ingrain to the nature of Irad Curtis.

The year glided away in sun and shower—blossoming roses and dreary falls of snow—and once again the harvest-moon hung like a shield of ruddy silver over the quiet old homestead, with its red barn and its cluster of gnarled apple-trees. But in the west the sun had set with wild, ensanguined splendor, amidst clouds whose crimson dyes seemed like a sea of blood. And Alice Bankgrove, sitting at her window, thinking of the dreadful rumors of battle that floated dimly into the country solitudes, could not bear to look at the blazing horizon, so nervous had she grown.

Suddenly a clear bugle-sound rang out amidst the dewy hollows, dying away with pathetic cadences in the woods, where a score of whip-poor-wills were moaning their sad refrain.

"There! the stage has passed by, and the mail is in!" exclaimed Alice, springing to her feet. "Papa, may I go down to the post-office?—it is only a little way!"

"It's a mile, child, and more, and the dew is falling," said the practical Squire, looking up from a calculation he was making by the light of a tallow candle.

"Do let her go, father," said his wife, nudging his elbow; "don't you see how worried she feels? You was young yourself once!"

Alice scarcely waited for the permission ere she hurried away through the lonely woods, dew-dripping and full of faint, sweet fragrance.

"No letter for a week," she murmured to herself. "Perhaps it will come to-night—*perhaps!*"

"A letter for Alice Bankgrove? No, there is no such letter," said the gray-headed old postmaster, sorting over the pile of epistles in a leisurely way that was agony to poor, impatient Alice.

"No letter! are you *sure?*" repeated the young girl, leaning eagerly forward, with blanched cheek and throbbing heart.

"Sartin sure, Miss Alice—that is, as sure as a man can be of any thing in this onsartin world. Stay, though!" he added, as Alice was turning away with a thrill of sick despair; "here are some newspapers for Jeremiah Bankgrove, *Esquare*. That's your father, I guess."

Half an hour afterward Alice came into the sitting-room at home with slow, languid steps, and dew-drenched hair hanging carelessly about her shoulders. Irad Curtis sat by the table talking to her father. He rose and bowed.

"You have been to the post-office, Alice? Why didn't you let me go for you? I hope you have taken no cold."

"Did you get a letter, daughter?" said Mrs. Bankgrove, keenly scanning the girl's face.

"No letter," returned Alice, wearily. "Here are some newspapers for you, father."

She laid them on the table and went and sat on the broad door-stone, her cheek resting on one hand.

"No letter? that's strange!" said Irad, artfully. "Now if *I* was off to the wars, and had a sweet-heart, like somebody I know of, at home, I should write every day!"

"Pity you *wasn't* off to the wars, with a sweetheart at home!" said the Squire, dryly; and Irad was silenced for the moment.

"Read us the news, Irad," said Mrs. Bankgrove. "The Squire's eyes ain't so young as they was, and he does make awful work readin' by candle-light."

"Yes, do, Irad," said the Squire, putting his spectacles back in their case with a sigh of relief; and Irad unfolded the teeming columns of the newspaper and began:

"Great Battle in Virginia!" he enunciated, reading very much as if the words had been printed in capitals. "List of the Killed and Wounded!"

"Read *that*, Irad!" said the Squire, leaning forward. Mrs. Bankgrove gave a quick glance toward the door, but Alice had vanished.

"It's pretty lengthy," said Irad, ruefully; "but here goes!"

Name after name he pronounced with slow, mechanical exactness, as if each were not shrined in some bleeding heart—wept over with everlasting tears!

"What!" shrieked the Squire, suddenly, as *one* well-known name knelled on his ear; "not in the list of *killed?*"

He started up, pale and trembling, with a cold dew on his forehead.

"Yes, it is," said Irad, himself rather dismayed. "Company E—that's his very Company; read for yourself, if you don't believe me!"

The Squire's dim eyes traced the fatal syllable in the doomed list, through a thick mist of blinding tears.

"Poor Alice! it will break her heart!" he said, in a husky tone. Mrs. Bankgrove gave a piercing cry, and sprang forward just in time to catch the sinking figure of Alice, who stood near the door, white and motionless as a spectre.

Dead! killed in battle! She could not believe it, though she repeated the words to herself mechanically a thousand times a day! Dead—in the bloom of his vigorous youth, and *she* living to mourn him! She scarce understood why people looked pityingly at her, and whispered one to another as she went by: she felt like one who walks in the mystery of a dreadful dream, and blindly trusts some day to waken from its awful shadow!

Dead! killed in battle!

The sad December blasts were moaning through the skeleton woods; the icicles tinkled, like tiny chimes of bells, at every rattle of the frozen boughs; the sunsets burned in orange flame along the west, and the nights, still and starry, were full of rimy frosts that cut almost like a knife in their biting keenness. And Alice Bankgrove, leaning sadly over the fire of crackling logs, wondered what dreary snows were folding their shroud over *his* unknown grave!

"Better go to bed, daughter, it is past ten," said the Squire, "and a stormy night. There's snow in the air, or *I'm* mistaken!"

"I will, by-and-by, father."

"Mrs. Bankgrove, wiser than her husband, quietly took up a candle, and beckoned him into the adjoining bedroom.

"Don't notice her, Jeremiah," said the mother, in a low voice. "She'll grieve it away in time if she's only let alone, poor child!"

"It's too consarned bad," said the Squire, the nearest approach, by-the-way, to profanity in which he ever indulged. "And to think of Irad Curtis comin' danglin' round to ask if I'd any objections to his comin' to see Alice Sunday nights. Objections! *I* let him know what I thought of his conduct. He won't come again in a hurry, I calculate!"

"There, there, father—hush!" said Mrs. Bankgrove, soothingly, "you'll disturb Alice."

And she closed the door as softly as if her daughter had been a sleeping infant whom she feared to arouse.

Alone, Alice sat there before the fire—alone with the ticking clock, and the bubbling drip of resin from the singing pine logs, and the wail of the tempest without, sadly pondering on the wintry blight that had come over her own young life. Almost before she knew it the old clock had chimed once and again, and the faint horn of the midnight stage, passing on its lonely way down in the hollow, floated indistinctly up to her ear—and still she mused on.

"Hallo there inside!" bawled Jonathan Starkey, the stage-driver, "who was it wanted to get out opposite Squire Bankgrove's house? This is the nearest we come to't. Just over the hill, Sir, and take the first road to your right—'tain't but a little way—and pitch-dark at that," he added, in an undertone, as he helped out a muffled figure; "sorry I can't drive you nearer, Sir—you seem to be lame."

Lame! If every bone in his body had been shattered the knowledge that he was within sight of Alice's home would have given him supernatural strength. How well he knew every turn of the road, even in the dense darkness of the stormy midnight—how familiarly the frozen ground answered to his footfalls!

Far out into the murky gloom streamed the ruddy brightness of that hearth-stone where she sat all alone. Could she but have known *who* was toiling to reach her through the night and tempest!

She never heard the faint, uncertain tap at the door, she never heard the click of the latch, but all of a sudden some mysterious influence bade her look up.

Great Heaven! it was her lover standing before her—pale, haggard, worn by pain and travel, but still her lover, and the next instant she lay sobbing on his breast.

"Oh, Harry, Harry Moore! They told me you were dead, but I knew it was false! I knew you would yet come back to me!"

And after he had told her of his well-nigh fatal wounds, his dreary captivity, and his final escape, she still sobbed through her tears,

"Oh, I knew, I *knew* you would come back!"

"Well, Harry, when are you going to take possession?" questioned the Squire, jocosely. "You know I promised you my daughter when you came back."

"As soon as possible, Sir," said Harry. "We have settled it all, Alice and I."

"Wife," said the Squire, "do you remember my saying under this very roof more than a year ago that I was sartin the Lord would bring Harry back to us; and haven't my words come true?"

He leaned forward and kissed away the tear that sparkled like a solitary diamond on his wife's withered cheek; for somehow the sight of the young people's happiness brought back his own honeymoon days.

And Irad Curtis remains a bachelor still!

THE GOVERNMENT HORSE.

I'M a Government hoss, your honor,
With pedigree little to boast of;
But bought for the service, your honor,
And hence to be reckoned the most of.

I claim not the lineage of Cruiser,
Though I own to a family pride;
My "points" can be seen through and through, Sir,
If you'll only examine my hide.

Though wretched I am, I have blushes
For frauds that attend speculation—
Transactions whose villainy crushes
The long-cherished hopes of the nation.

As I said, I'm a Government hoss,
Though I wouldn't complain much of that, Sir;
"What's one man's gain is another's loss,"
'Tis *that* which I wish to come at, Sir.

I was bought with a Treasury Note,
At only five dollars and twenty;
And sold for a—('tis shameful to quote,
'Twould seem as though money were plenty).

'Twas a wily contractor who did it,
At a figure so low, do you see?
I'm sure it was much to his credit,
Though all the less credit to me.

Spavined and ringboned, glandered and blind,
Wanting one really sound organ;
Some one was gouged—*his* pockets were lined,
But *I* was a good enough MORGAN.

Ever compelled to stand to the rack—
By my faith! I'm quite racked asunder;
For every sharp bone in my back
Seems cracked with the weight of the plunder.

A cavalry charger they dubbed me—
(A singular paradox, really!)—
'Tis the agent the *charger* that should be,
I'm held as collateral merely.

Right few are the charges I've made, Sir,
Upon the armed rebel bravado;
If ever I ambled that way, Sir,
'Twas money that made the poor mare go.

And a sorry appearance I made
In the genial land of Secesh!
But it taught them the tricks of the trade
In our contracts for Northern horse-flesh.

Woe me! I'm a poor draught-horse at last!
It's only my breath I can draw, Sir;
The life-current is ebbing quite fast,
Like equity, justice, and law, Sir.

Yet I laugh when I think of the agents
Selected to crush the rebellion—
To frighten the traitors with pageants
Of grim Death astride a pale stallion;

And I watch the gaunt crows overhead,
Each eagerly eying his ration,
Like hungry contractors fain to be fed—
And muse on the fate of the nation.

Base contractors! army of leeches!
I'd draft them to lead a forlorn hope;
Force them to march where equity reaches,
And contracts are bound with a strong rope.

AN EGYPTIAN BALL.

I WAS asked to a fête at the villa of Count X——, an old resident of Alexandria, Egypt. The fête was especially interesting to me, as being composed almost exclusively of the foreign society of Alexandria, and notably of the Levantine element. Having paid our respects to the mistress of the house, we were placed on a sofa at the upper end of the chief reception room. As dancing had hardly commenced, we had time to look about us, and to note the guests who were still flocking in, and the ladies ranged in a circle round the room. These, to my disappointment, all wore ordinary European costume, which was neither fresh nor in good taste, nor gracefully worn; the only exception was in the instance of one little very old lady who sat in a bundle in the corner; in such a bundle that you could hardly tell in what fashion her dark silk dress was made, and could only distinguish that her head was covered with the silken skull-cap, bound round, turban-wise, with a small handkerchief, that forms the ordinary Levantine head-dress. But the younger women, when full dressed, dress their hair with elaborate complications, into which enter a quantity of natural flowers of every kind and hue.

I have been in many parts of the world. I have seen on their own ground all sorts of women, from the radiant daughters of "all the Howards" to the dusky North American squaws. But such fat women, and so many fat women, I never saw in any land as those Levantine ladies there assembled. Talk of Turkish women, fattened like crammed turkeys! The harems boast much flesh. You see in their narrow precincts many plump faces and redundant busts ill contained by the loose garment that covers them; many sturdy legs and pudsey hands. But what are all those beside the vast proportions of these "fat-fleshed" fair ones? While girls are yet in their teens the doom begins to fall on them. The commencement is far from objectionable. It is agreeable to see well-rounded arms and shoulders that you are "tempted to pat" at the so often lean ages of fifteen and sixteen. These are almost always accompanied by, item, a pair of long dark almond eyes, "put in with a dirty finger," as Lady Morgan writes; eyes that alternately flash and languish at the owner's command, and that are shaded by thick black straight brows, not unfrequently adopting the very doubtful

——charm of married brows,

item, dense heaps of black coarse wavy hair, that lies on the head and on the neck in the massive way you see depicted in old Egyptian paintings; and sometimes, though rarely, you see fine complexions.

So far so good; except that these damsels look like comely matrons, or "fine girls" who have flirted through some ten or twelve seasons, and having as yet not found any of the first-class matches sufficiently appreciative of their charms, are becoming condescending, nay, even encouraging, to the second-class. But now turn to the mothers. We have just been rather admiring a plump short-necked damsel with bright eyes and rosy cheeks and dimpling smiles, looking like a cherubim *prolonged*. There is her mother sitting opposite—look on this picture and on that—and see the full-blown rose whose bud we have just been contemplating.

She can hardly be forty, and her smooth face yet bears traces of considerable comeliness. But the bright dark eyes are embedded in fat, the nose is sunk and lost in fat, the smiling mouth is buried in fat. Of neck there is no symptom: the head rests behind on a *hump* of fat; before, on a protuberance like the crop of a pouter pigeon. Her arms! Poor soul! Yet she does not seem to mind it; there she sits, smiling benignly, the picture of serene contentment; and, except that the frequent exercise of her fan hints that the "too solid flesh" *does* manifest a disposition to "melt" even in the pleasant and by no means high temperature of the spacious, airy, and not overcrowded rooms, her condition seems in no wise distressful to her.

I walked about the rooms. There was no regular supper, but fruits, cakes, ices, and other refreshments, abundantly intermingled with flowers, were laid out in one of them. A few of the men wore Eastern costume, but they were quite the exception. Some of the young Greeks—who showed none of the tendency to obesity so strongly developed in their mothers and sisters, but were generally spare, oval-faced, and olive-complexioned, and had heads of compact black frizzy hair like the women—seemed to dance rather well and to bear themselves correctly. Not so many of the damsels. I saw some convert the sober monotony of the uninteresting quadrille into a very jolly game nearly approaching to a romp. How they skipped and giggled, and swung hands and beckoned and gamboled, until their at first by no means fresh toilets became mere chiffons, and the flowers tumbled out of their hair, it boots not now to tell. Suffice it to say, that the presence of Mr. Turveydrop, with a few hints from that accomplished reflection of the first gentleman in Europe on the subject of Deportment, would have been remarkably apropos.

Soon after twelve the rooms began to thin a little, and we left at about half past, much amused with the evening's entertainment.

DRURY'S BLUFF.

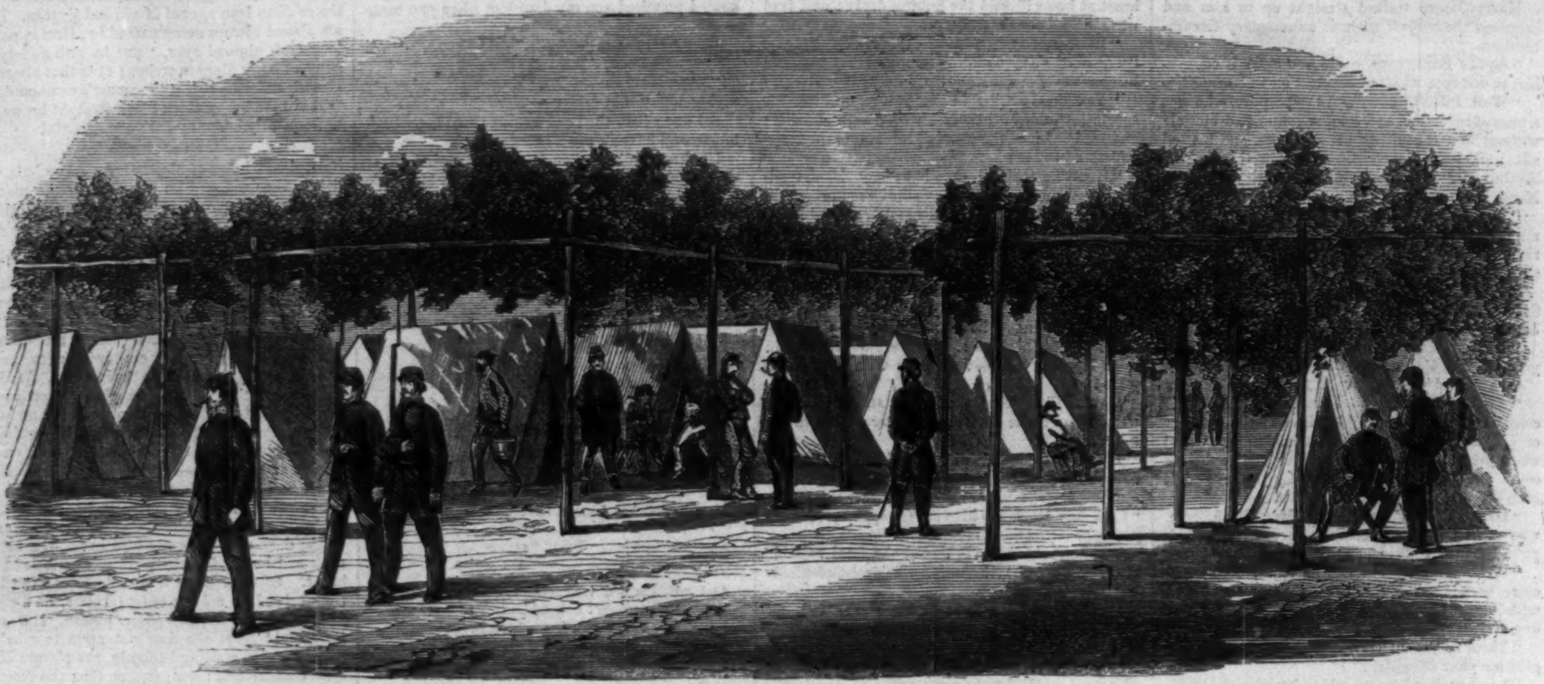
WE reproduce on page 796 two engravings from sketches by Mr. Vizetelly, the special artist of a London paper, who arrived in this country some months since, and contrived to find his way through our lines into the Confederate camps and thence to Richmond. How the sketches were sent to Europe does not appear. These sketches represent the Confederate fort and camp at Drury's Bluff, on the James River, eight miles from Richmond. At the North the fort is generally known as Fort Darling. It was this fort which was unsuccessfully attacked last summer by the *Galena*, *Monitor*, and part of the James River fleet. It is esteemed in Secessia a very strong position. Should we attack Richmond from the south or by the way of the river, we should have to carry it before we could approach the rebel capital. Rumor states that at least a part of the face of the work is iron plated.

SLIDELL'S HOUSE.

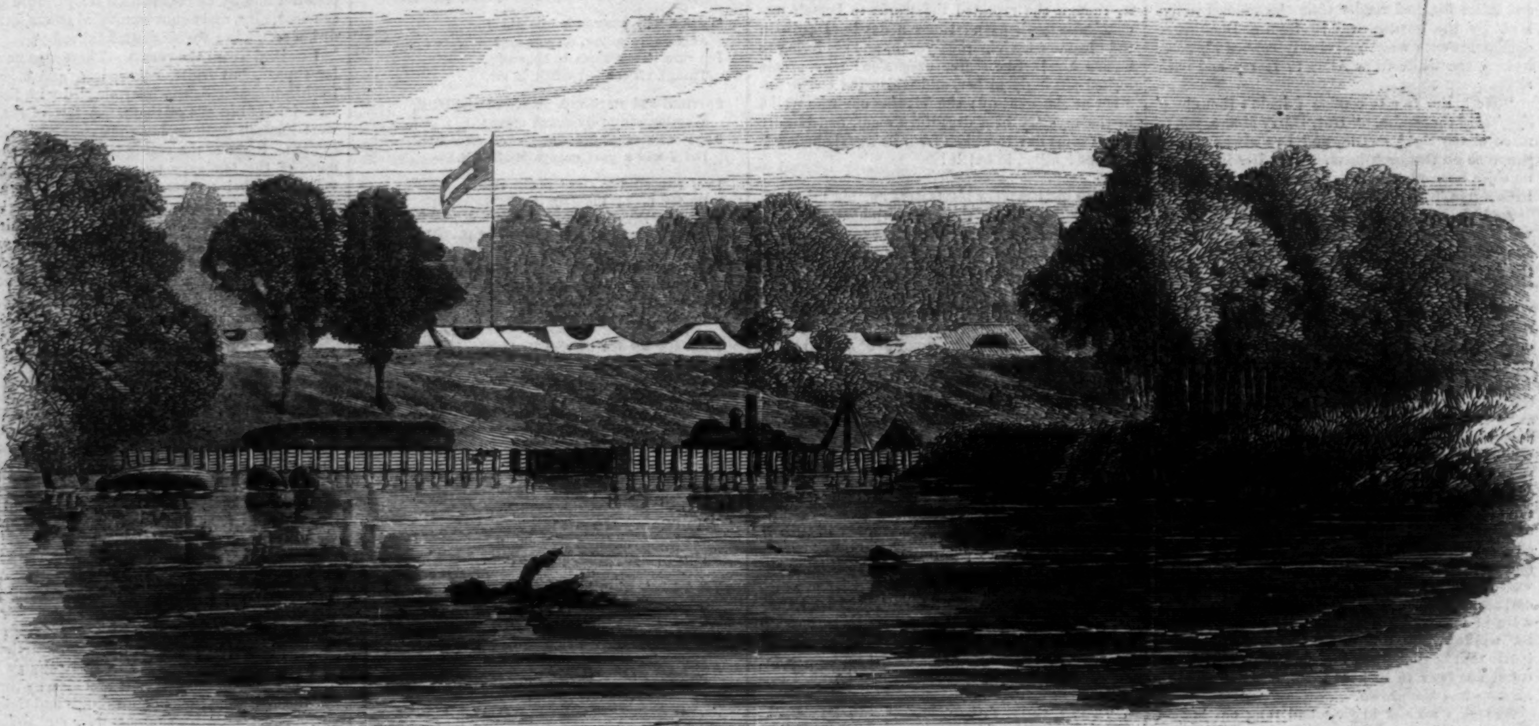
WE publish on page 796 a view of the rebel SLIDELL'S HOUSE, in Louisiana, from a sketch by Dr. Henry, of the United States Navy. The mansion and grounds are handsome, and display evidence of the wealth and taste of their proprietor. Just now, however, they are deserted; a few negroes, owing no allegiance to any one, roam through the grounds and shout their welcome to our gun-boats as they pass. This house, and that of the other chief conspirators against the nation, should be seized and occupied by our forces, and preserved as national property forever as a warning to traitors in after-time.

Of the fate of this and the other abandoned estates of the great planters the following extract from the *Times* correspondence furnishes the means of forming an opinion. Speaking of the Lafourche country, he says:

This district of country is one of the richest in agricultural wealth, not only in this State, but probably richest in some respects of any spot of the same size in the world. The wealth, however, consists almost entirely of sugar-plantations and negroes, but as time has rolled on the planters have, in long years of prosperity, by accretion, as it were, possessed themselves, in many instances, of a sort of barbaric splendor, illustrated by rich furniture and costly equipages. These things, with their large residences, in most instances, were precipitately abandoned the moment our forces defeated the enemy at Labadieville, and the consequence was that hundreds of negroes, besotted by the most severe system of slavery, were in a moment left to themselves; and in a delirium of excitement they first threw themselves, in an ecstasy of joy, on their knees, and "bressed God that Massa Linkum had come;" and then, as semi-civilized people would naturally do, they commenced indulging in all sorts of excesses, the first-fruits of their unrestricted liberty.



THE REBEL ENCAMPMENT AT DRURY'S BLUFF, JAMES RIVER.—SKETCHED BY MR. VIZETELLY.—[SEE PAGE 795.]



THE REBEL FORT DARLING, ON DRURY'S BLUFF, JAMES RIVER.—SKETCHED BY MR. VIZETELLY.—[SEE PAGE 795.]

SLIDELL'S HOUSE IN LOUISIANA.—SKETCHED BY A NAVAL OFFICER.—[SEE PAGE 795.]

REV. MORGAN L. DIX, RECTOR OF TRINITY CHURCH, NEW YORK.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

THE NEW RECTOR OF TRINITY.

WE publish herewith a portrait of REVEREND MORGAN L. DIX, the new Rector of Trinity Church, New York. Mr. Dix is a son of Major-General John A. Dix. He was born in New York about the year 1830, was educated at Columbia College, and entered the ministry on the completion of his studies. He was elected some years ago Assistant-Rector of Trinity, and was recommended by the late Dr. Berrian as the best man to succeed him. Mr. Dix is widely known as a faithful and laborious servant of Christ. He devotes his time and his means to the relief of the poor and afflicted, and among this class enjoys a popularity not surpassed by that of any other clergyman in the metropolis. His elevation to the rectorship of Trinity at his age foreshadows a great future for him in the Episcopal Church. Mr. Dix is an unmarried man.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

NO NAME.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN M'LENAN.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

BETWEEN THE SCENES.

I.

FROM MISS GARTH TO MR. PENDRIL.

"WESTMORLAND HOUSE, *Jan.* 8, 1848.

DEAR MR. PENDRIL,—I write, as you kindly requested, to report how Norah is going on, and to tell you what changes I see for the better in the state of her mind on the subject of her sister.

"I can not say that she is becoming resigned to Magdalen's continued silence—I know her faithful nature too well to say it. I can only tell you that she is beginning to find relief from the heavy pressure of sorrow and suspense in new thoughts and new hopes. I doubt if she has yet realized this in her own mind; but I see the result, although she is not conscious of it herself. I see her heart opening to the consolation of another interest and another love. She has not said a word to me on the subject, nor have I said a word to her. But as certainly as I know that Mr. George Bartram's visits have lately grown more and more frequent to the family at Portland Place, so certainly I can assure you that Norah is finding a relief under her suspense which is not of my bringing, and a hope in the future which I have not taught her to feel.

"It is needless for me to say that I tell you this in the strictest confidence. God knows whether the happy prospect which seems to me to be just dawning will grow brighter or not as time goes on. The oftener I see Mr. George Bartram—and he has called on me more than once—the stronger my liking for him grows. To my poor judgment he seems to be a gentleman, in the highest and truest sense of the word. If I could live to see Norah his wife, I should almost feel that I had lived long enough. But who can discern the future? We have suffered so much that I am afraid to hope.

"Have you heard any thing of Magdalen? I don't know why or how it is, but since I have known of her husband's death my old tenderness for her seems to cling to me more obstinately than ever.—Always yours truly,

"HARRIET GARTH."

II.

FROM MR. PENDRIL TO MISS GARTH.

"SERLE ST., *Jan.* 4, 1848.

"MY DEAR MISS GARTH,—Of Mrs. Noel Vanstone herself I have heard nothing. But I have learned since I saw you that the report of the position in which she is left by the death of her husband may be depended on as the truth. No legacy of any kind is bequeathed to her. Her name is not once mentioned in her husband's will.

"Knowing what we know, it is not to be concealed that this circumstance threatens us with more embarrassment, and perhaps with more distress. Mrs. Noel Vanstone is not the woman to submit without a desperate resistance to the total overthrow of all her schemes and all her hopes.—The mere fact that nothing whatever has been heard of her since her husband's death is suggestive to my mind of serious mischief to come. In her situation and with her temper the quieter she is now the more inveterately I, for one, distrust her in the future. It is impossible to say to what violent measures her present extremity may not drive her. It is impossible to feel sure that she may not be the cause of some public scandal this time which may affect her innocent sister as well as herself.

"I know you will not misinterpret the motive which has led me to write these lines; I know you will not think that I am inconsiderate enough to cause you unnecessary alarm. My sincere anxiety to see that happy prospect realized to which your letter alludes has caused me to write far less reservedly than I might otherwise have written. I strongly urge you to use your influence, on every occasion when you can fairly exert it, to strengthen that growing attachment, and to place it beyond the reach of any coming disasters, while you have the opportunity of doing so. When I tell you that the fortune of which Mrs. Noel Vanstone has been deprived is entirely bequeathed to Admiral Bartram—and when I add that Mr. George Bartram is generally understood to be his uncle's heir—you will, I think, acknowledge that I am not warning you without a cause.

"Yours most truly,
"WILLIAM PENDRIL."

III.

FROM ADMIRAL BARTRAM TO MRS. DRAKE (HOUSEKEEPER AT ST. CRUX).

"ST. CRUX, *Jan.* 10, 1848.

"MRS. DRAKE,—I have received your letter from London, stating that you have found me a new parlor-maid at last, and that the girl is ready to return with you to St. Crux, when your other errands in town allow you to come back.

"This arrangement must be altered immediately, for a reason which I am heartily sorry to have to write.

"The illness of my niece, Mrs. Girdlestone—which appeared to be so slight as to alarm none of us, doctors included—has ended fatally. I received this morning the shocking news of her death. Her husband is said to be quite frantic with grief. Mr. George has already gone to his brother-in-law's to superintend the last melancholy duties, and I must follow him before the funeral takes place. We propose to take Mr. Girdlestone away afterward, and to try the effect on him of change of place and new scenes. Under these sad circumstances I may be absent from St. Crux a month or six weeks at least—the house will be shut up—and the new servant will not be wanted until my return.

"You will therefore tell the girl, on receiving this letter, that a death in the family has caused a temporary change in our arrangements. If she is willing to wait you may safely engage her to come here in six weeks' time—I shall be back then if Mr. George is not. If she refuses, pay her what compensation is right, and so have done with her.

"Yours,
"ARTHUR BARTRAM."

IV.

FROM MRS. DRAKE TO ADMIRAL BARTRAM.

"*Jan.* 11.

"HONORED SIR,—I hope to get my errands done, and to return to St. Crux to-morrow, but write to save you anxiety in case of delay.

"The young woman whom I have engaged (Louisa by name) is willing to wait your time; and her present mistress, taking an interest in her welfare, will provide for her during the interval. She understands that she is to enter on her new service in six weeks from the present date—namely, on the 25th of February next.

"Begging you will accept my respectful sympathy under the sad bereavement which has befallen the family,

"I remain, Honored Sir,
"Your humble servant,
"SOPHIA DRAKE."

THE SEVENTH SCENE.

ST. CRUX-IN-THE-MARSH.

CHAPTER I.

"THIS is where you are to sleep. Put yourself tidy, and then come down again to my room. The admiral has returned, and you will have to begin by waiting on him at dinner to-day."

With those words Mrs. Drake the housekeeper closed the door; and the new parlor-maid was left alone in her bedchamber at St. Crux.

That day was the eventful 25th of February. In barely four months from the time when Mrs. Lecount had placed her master's private Instructions in his Executor's hands, the one combination of circumstances against which it had been her first and foremost object to provide was exactly the combination which had now taken place. Mr. Noel Vanstone's widow and Admiral Bartram's Secret Trust were together in the same house.

Thus far events had declared themselves, without an exception, in Magdalen's favor. Thus far the path which had led her to St. Crux had been a path without an obstacle. Louisa—whose name she had now taken—had sailed three days since for Australia with her husband and her child: she was the only living creature whom Magdalen had trusted with her secret, and she was by this time out of sight of the English land. The girl had been careful, reliable, and faithfully devoted to her mistress's interests to the last. She had passed the ordeal of her interview with the housekeeper, and had forgotten none of the instructions by which she had been prepared to meet it. She had herself proposed to turn the six weeks' delay, caused by the death in the admiral's family, to good account by continuing the all-important practice of those domestic lessons, on the perfect acquirement of which her mistress's daring stratagem depended for its success. Thanks to the time thus gained, when Louisa's marriage was over and the day of parting had come, Magdalen had learned and mastered, in the nicest detail, every thing that her former servant could teach her. On the day when she passed the doors of St. Crux she entered on her desperate venture, strong in the ready presence of mind under emergencies which her later life had taught her—stronger still in the trained capacity that she possessed for the assumption of a character not her own—strongest of all in her two months' daily familiarity with the practical duties of the position which she had undertaken to fill.

As soon as Mrs. Drake's departure had left her alone she unpacked her box and dressed herself for the evening.

She put on a lavender-colored stuff gown—half mourning for Mrs. Girdlestone; ordered for all the servants under the admiral's instructions—a white muslin apron, and a neat white cap and collar with ribbons to match the gown. In this servant's costume—in the plain gown fastening high round her neck, in the neat little white cap at the back of her head—in this simple dress, to the eyes of all men, not linen-drapers, at once the most modest and the most alluring that a woman can wear, the sad changes which mental suffering had wrought in her beauty almost disappeared from view. In the evening costume of a lady, with her bosom uncovered, with her figure armed, rather than dressed, in unpliable silk—the admiral might have passed her by without notice in his own drawing-room.

BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

In the evening costume of a servant no admirer of beauty could have looked at her once and not have turned again to look at her for the second time.

Descending the stairs, on her way to the housekeeper's room, she passed by the entrances to two long stone corridors, with rows of doors opening on them; one corridor situated on the second and one on the first floor of the house. "Many rooms!" she thought, as she looked at the doors. "Weary work, searching here for what I have come to find!"

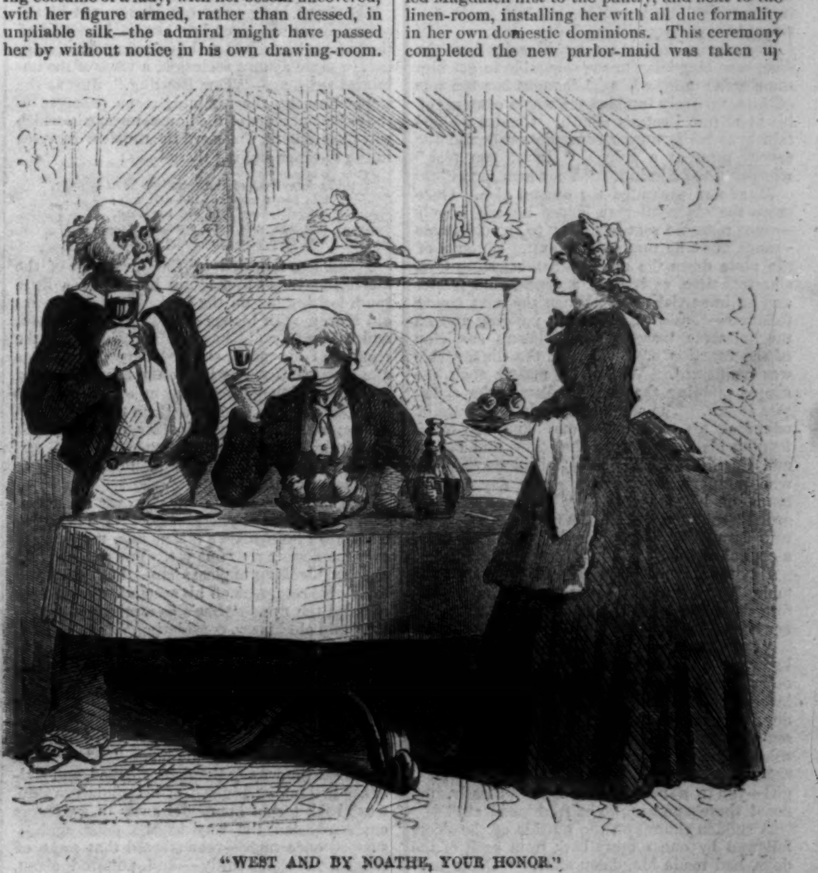
On reaching the ground-floor she was met by a weather-beaten old man, who stopped and stared at her with an appearance of great interest. He was the same old man whom Captain Wragge had seen in the back-yard at St. Crux at work on the model of a ship. All round the neighborhood he was known, far and wide, as "the admiral's coxswain." His name was Mazey. Sixty years had written their story of hard work at sea and hard drinking on shore on the veteran's grim and wrinkled face. Sixty years had proved his fidelity, and had brought his battered old carcass, at the end of the voyage, into port in his master's house.

Seeing no one else of whom she could inquire, Magdalen requested the old man to show her the way that led to the housekeeper's room.

"I'll show you, my dear," said old Mazey, speaking in the high and hollow voice peculiar to the deaf. "You're the new maid—eh? And a fine-grown girl, too! His honor the admiral likes a parlor-maid with a clean run fore and aft. You'll do, my dear—you'll do."

"You must not mind what Mr. Mazey says to you," remarked the housekeeper, opening her door, as the old sailor expressed his approval of Magdalen in these terms. "He is privileged to talk as he pleases; and he is very tiresome and slovenly in his habits—but he means no harm."

With that apology for the veteran Mrs. Drake led Magdalen first to the pantry, and next to the linen-room, installing her with all due formality in her own domestic dominions. This ceremony completed the new parlor-maid was taken up



"WEST AND BY NOATHE, YOUR HONOR."

stairs, and was shown the dining-room, which opened out of the corridor on the first floor. Here she was directed to lay the cloth, and to prepare the table for one person only, Mr. George Bartram not having returned with his uncle to St. Crux. Mrs. Drake's sharp eyes watched Magdalen attentively as she performed this introductory duty, and Mrs. Drake's private convictions, when the table was spread, forced her to acknowledge, so far, that the new servant thoroughly understood her work.

An hour later the soup-tureen was placed on the table, and Magdalen stood alone behind the admiral's empty chair, waiting her master's first inspection of her when he entered the dining-room.

A large bell rang in the lower regions—quick, shambling footsteps pattered on the stone corridor outside—the door opened suddenly—and a tall, lean, yellow old man, sharp as to his eyes, shrewd as to his lips, fussily restless as to all his movements, entered the room, with two huge Labrador dogs at his heels, and took his seat at the table in a violent hurry. The dogs followed him, and placed themselves, with the utmost gravity and composure, one on each side of his chair. This was Admiral Bartram—and these were the companions of his solitary meal.

"Ay! ay! ay! here's the new parlor-maid, to be sure!" he began, looking sharply, but not at all unkindly, at Magdalen. "What's your name, my good girl? Louisa, is it? I shall call you Lucy, if you don't mind. Take off the cover, my dear—I'm a minute or two late to-day. Don't be unpunctual to-morrow on that account; I am as regular as clock-work generally. How are you after your journey? Did my spring-cart bump you about much in bringing you from the station? Capital soup this—hot as fire—reminds me of the soup we used to have in the West Indies in the year Three. Have you got your half-mourning on? Stand there and let me see. Ah, yes, very neat, and nice, and tidy. Poor Mrs. Girdlestone! Oh, dear, dear, dear, poor Mrs. Girdlestone! You're not afraid of dogs, are you, Lucy? Eh? What? You like dogs? That's right! Always be kind to dumb animals. These two dogs dine with me every day, except when there's company. The dog with the black nose is Brutus, and the dog with the white nose is Cassius. Did you ever hear who Brutus and Cassius were? Ancient Romans? That's right—good girl. Mind your book and your needle, and we'll get you a good husband one of these days. Take away the soup, my dear, take away the soup."

This was the man whose secret it was now the one interest of Magdalen's life to surprise! This was the man whose name had supplanted hers in Noel Vanstone's will!

The fish and the roast meat followed; and the admiral's talk rambled on—now in soliloquy, now addressed to the parlor-maid, and now directed to the dogs—as familiarly and as disconnectedly as ever. Magdalen observed, with some surprise, that the companions of the admiral's dinner had, thus far, received no scraps from their master's plate. The two magnificent brutes sat squatted on their haunches, with their great heads over the table, watching the progress of the meal with the profoundest attention, but apparently expecting no share in it. The roast meat was removed, the admiral's plate was changed, and Magdalen took the silver covers off the two made-dishes on either side of the table. As she handed the first of the savory dishes to her master the dogs suddenly exhibited a breathless personal interest in the proceedings. Brutus gluttonously watered at the mouth; and the tongue of Cassius, protruding in unutterable expectation, smoked again between his enormous jaws.

The admiral helped himself liberally from the dish, sent Magdalen to the side-table to get him some bread, and, when he thought her eye was off him, furtively tumbled the whole contents of his plate into Brutus's mouth. Cassius whined faintly as his fortunate comrade swallowed the savory mess at a gulp. "Hush! you fool," whispered the admiral. "Your turn next!"

Magdalen presented the second dish. Once more the old gentleman helped himself largely—once more he sent her away to the side-table—once more he tumbled the entire contents of the plate down the dog's throat, selecting Cassius this time, as became a considerate master and an impartial man. When the next course followed—consisting of a plain pudding and an unwholesome "cream"—Magdalen's suspicion of the function of the dogs at the dinner-table was confirmed. While the master took the simple pudding the dogs swallowed the elaborate cream. The admiral was plainly afraid of offending his cook on the one hand, and of offending his digestion on the other, and Brutus and Cassius were the two trained accomplices who regularly helped him every day off the horns of his dilemma. "Very good! very good!" said the old gentleman, with the most transparent duplicity. "Tell the cook, my dear, a capital cream!"

Having placed the wine and dessert on the table, Magdalen was about to withdraw. Before she could leave the room her master called her back.

"Stop, stop!" said the admiral. "You don't know the ways of the house yet, Lucy. Put another wine-glass here, at my right hand—the largest you can find, my dear. I've got a third dog, who comes in at dessert—a drunken old sea-dog who has followed my fortunes afloat and ashore for fifty years and more. Yes, yes; that's the sort of glass we want. You're a good girl—you're a neat, handy girl. Steady, my dear! there's nothing to be frightened at!"

A sudden thump on the outside of the door, followed by one mighty bark from each of the dogs, had made Magdalen start. "Come in!" shouted the admiral. The door opened; the tails of Brutus and Cassius cheerfully thumped the floor; and old Mazey marched straight up to the right-hand side of his master's chair. The veteran stood there, with his legs wide apart and his balance carefully adjusted—as if the dining-room had been a cabin, and the house a ship, pitching in a sea-way.

The admiral filled the large glass with port, filled his own glass with claret, and raised it to his lips.

"God bless the Queen, Mazey!" said the admiral.

"God bless the Queen, your honor," said old Mazey, swallowing his port, as the dogs swallowed the made dishes, at a gulp.

"How's the wind, Mazey?"

"West and by Noathe, your honor."

"Any report to night, Mazey?"

"No report, your honor."

"Good-evening, Mazey."

"Good-evening, your honor."

The after-dinner ceremony thus completed, old Mazey made his bow, and walked out of the room again. Brutus and Cassius stretched themselves on the rug to digest mushrooms and made gravies in the lubricating heat of the fire. "For what we have received, the Lord make us truly thankful," said the admiral. "Go down stairs, my good girl, and get your supper. A light meal, Lucy, if you take my advice—a light meal or you will have the nightmare. Early to bed, my dear, and early to rise, makes a parlor-maid healthy and wealthy and wise. That's the wisdom of your ancestors—you mustn't laugh at it. Good-night." In those words Magdalen was dismissed; and so her first day's experience of Admiral Bartram came to an end.

After breakfast, the next morning, the admiral's directions to the new parlor-maid included among them one particular order which, in Magdalen's situation, it was especially her interest to receive. In the old gentleman's absence from home that day, on local business which took him to Ossory, she was directed to make herself acquainted with the whole inhabited quarter of the house, and to learn the positions of the various rooms, so as to know where the bells called her when the bells rang. Mrs. Drake was charged with the duty of superintending the voyage of domestic discovery, unless she happened to be otherwise engaged—in which case any one of the inferior servants would be equally competent to act as Magdalen's guide.

At noon the admiral left for Ossory, and Magdalen presented herself in Mrs. Drake's room to be shown over the house. Mrs. Drake happened to be otherwise engaged, and referred her to the head housemaid. The head housemaid happened on that particular morning to be in the same condition as Mrs. Drake, and referred her to the under-housemaids. The under-housemaids declared that they were all behindhand, and had not a minute to spare—they suggested, not too civilly, that old Mazey had nothing on earth to do, and that he knew the house as well or better than he knew his A B C. Magdalen took the hint with a secret indignation and contempt which it cost her a hard struggle to conceal. She had suspected, on the previous night, and she was certain now, that the women-servants all incomprehensibly resented her presence among them, with the same sullen unanimity of distrust. Mrs. Drake, as she had seen for herself, was really engaged that morning over her accounts. But of all the servants under her who had made their excuses, not one had even affected to be more occupied than usual. Their looks said plainly, "We don't like you, and we won't show you over the house."

She found her way to old Mazey, not by the scanty directions given her, but by the sound of the veteran's cracked and quavering voice, singing, in some distant seclusion, a verse of the immortal sea-song—"Tom Bowling." Just as she stopped among the rambling stone passages on the basement story of the house, uncertain which way to turn next, she heard the tuneless old voice in the distance singing these lines:

"His form was of the manliest beau-u-uty,
His heart was ki-i-ind and soft;
Faithful below Tom did his duty,
But now he's gone alo-o-o-oft—
But now he's go-o-one aloft!"

Magdalen followed in the direction of the quavering voice, and found herself in a little room looking out on the back-yard. There sat old Mazey, with his spectacles low on his nose, and his knotty old hands blundering over the rigging of his model ship. There were Brutus and Cassius digesting before the fire again, and snoring as if they thoroughly enjoyed it. There was Lord Nelson on one wall, in flaming water-colors; and there on the other was a portrait of Admiral Bartram's last flag-ship in full sail on a sea of slate, with a salmon-colored sky to complete the illusion.

"What! they won't show you over the house, won't they?" said old Mazey. "I will, then. That head housemaid's a sour one, my dear, if ever there was a sour one yet. You're too young and good-looking to please 'em—that's what you are." He rose, took off his spectacles, and feebly mended the fire. "She's as straight as a poplar," said old Mazey, considering Magdalen's figure in drowsy soliloquy. "I say she's as straight as a poplar; and his honor the admiral says so too! Come along, my dear," he proceeded, addressing himself to Magdalen again. "I'll teach you your Pints of the Compass first. When you know your Pints, blow high, blow low, you'll find it plain sailing all over the house."

He led the way to the door, stopped, and suddenly bethinking himself of his miniature ship, went back to put his model away in an empty cupboard—led the way to the door again—stopped once more—remembered that some of the rooms were chilly—and pottered about, swearing and grumbling, and looking for his hat. Magdalen sat down patiently to wait for him. She gratefully contrasted his treatment of her with the treatment she had received from the women. Resist it as firmly, despise it as proudly as we may, all studied unkindness—no matter how contemptible it may be—has a stinging power in it which reaches to the quick. Magdalen only knew how she had felt the small malice of the female servants by the effect which the rough kindness of the old sailor produced on her afterward. The dumb welcome of the dogs, when the movements in the room had roused them from their sleep, touched her more acutely still. Brutus pushed his mighty muzzle companionably into her hand, and Cassius laid his friendly fore-paw on her lap. Her heart yearned over the two creatures as she patted and caressed them. It seemed only yesterday since she and the dogs at Combe-Raven had roamed the garden together, and had idled away the summer mornings luxuriously on the shady lawn.

Old Mazey found his hat at last, and they started on their exploring expedition, with the dogs after them.

Leaving the basement story of the house, which was entirely devoted to the servants' offices, they ascended to the first floor, and entered the long corridor, with which Magdalen's last night's experience had already made her acquainted. "Put your back agin this wall," said old Mazey, pointing to the long wall—pierced at irregular intervals with windows looking out over a court-yard and fish-pond—which formed the right-hand side of the corridor, as Magdalen now stood. "Put your back here," said the veteran, "and look straight afore you. What do you see?" "The opposite wall of the passage," said Magdalen. "Ay? ay? what else?" "The doors leading into the rooms." "What else?" "I see nothing else." Old Mazey chuckled, winked, and shook his knotty fore-finger at Magdalen impressively. "You see one of the Pints of the Compass, my dear. When you've got your back agin this wall, and when you look straight afore you, you look Noathe. If you ever get lost hereaway, put your back agin the wall, look out straight afore you, and say to yourself, 'I look Noathe!' You do that like a good girl, and you won't lose your bearings."

After administering this preliminary dose of instruction, old Mazey opened the first of the doors on the left-hand side of the passage. It led into the dining-room, with which Magdalen was already familiar. The second room was fitted up as a library, and the third as a morning-room. The fourth and fifth doors—both belonging to dismantled and uninhabited rooms, and both locked—brought them to the end of the North wing of the house, and to the opening of a second and shorter passage, placed at a right angle to the first. Here old Mazey, who had divided his time pretty equally, during the investigation of the rooms, in talking of "his honor the admiral," and whistling to the dogs, returned with all possible expedition to the points of the compass, and gravely directed Magdalen to repeat the ceremony of putting her back against the wall. She attempted to shorten the proceedings by declaring (quite correctly) that in her present position she knew she was looking East. "Don't you talk about the East, my dear," said old Mazey, proceeding unmoved with his own system of instruction, "till you know the East first. Put your back agin this wall, and look straight afore you. What do you see?" The remainder of the catechism proceeded as before. When the end was reached, Magdalen's instructor was satisfied. He chuckled and winked at her once more. "Now you may talk about the East, my dear," said the veteran, "for now you know it."

The East passage, after leading them on for a few yards only, terminated in a vestibule, with a high door in it which faced them as they advanced. The door admitted them to a large and lofty drawing-room, decorated like all the other apartments, with valuable old-fashioned furniture. Leading the way across this room, Magdalen's conductor pushed back a heavy sliding door, opposite the door of entrance. "Put your apron over your head," said old Mazey. "We are coming to the Banketing Hall now. The floor's mortal cold, and the damp sticks to the place like cockroaches to a collier. His honor the admiral calls it the Arctic Passage. I've got my name for it too. I call it Freeze-your-Bones."

Magdalen passed through the door-way, and found herself in the ancient banqueting hall of St. Crux.

On her left hand she saw a row of lofty windows, set deep in embrasures, and extending over a frontage of more than a hundred feet in length. On her right hand, ranged in one long row from end to end of the opposite wall, hung a dismal collection of black begrimed old pictures, rotting from their frames, and representing battle-scenes by sea and land. Below the pictures, midway down the length of the wall, yawned a huge cavern of a fire-place, surmounted by a towering mantle-piece of black marble. The one object of furniture (if furniture it might be called) visible far or near in the vast emptiness of the place, was a gaunt ancient tripod of curiously-chased metal, standing lonely in the middle of the hall, and supporting a wide circular pan filled deep with ashes from an extinct charcoal fire. The high ceiling, once finely carved and gilt, was foul with dirt and cobwebs; the naked walls at either end of the room were stained with damp; and the cold of the marble floor struck through the narrow strip of matting laid down, parallel with the windows, as a foot-path for passengers across the wilderness of the room. No better name for it could have been devised than the name which old Mazey had found. "Freeze-your-Bones" accurately described, in three words, the Banqueting Hall at St. Crux.

"Do you never light a fire in this dismal place?" asked Magdalen.

"It all depends on which side of Freeze-your-Bones his honor the admiral lives," said old Mazey. "His honor likes to shift his quarters, sometimes to one side of the house, sometimes to the other. If he lives Noathe of Freeze-your-Bones—which is where you've just come from—we don't waste our coals here. If he lives South of Freeze-your-Bones—which is where we are going to next—we light the fire in the grate and the charcoal in the pan. Every night when we do that the damp gets the better of us: every morning we turn to again and get the better of the damp."

With this remarkable explanation old Mazey led the way to the lower end of the Hall, opened more doors, and showed Magdalen through another suit of rooms, four in number, all of moderate size, and all furnished in much the same manner as the rooms in the northern wing. She looked out of the windows, and saw the neglected gardens of St. Crux overgrown with brambles and weeds. Here and there, at no great distance in the grounds, the smoothly-curving line of one of the tidal streams peculiar to the locality wound its way, gleaming in the sunlight, through gaps in the brambles and trees. The more distant view ranged over the flat eastward country beyond, speckled with its scattered little villages; crossed and recrossed by its net-work of "back-waters;" and terminated abruptly by the long straight line of sea-wall which protects the defenseless coast of Essex from invasion by the sea.

"Have we more rooms still to see?" asked Magdalen, turning from the view of the garden, and looking about her for another door.

"No more, my dear—we've run aground here, and we may as well wear round and put back again," said old Mazey. "There's another side to the house—due south of you as you stand now—which is all tumbling about our ears. You must go out into the garden if you want to see it; it's built off from us by a brick bulk-head, t'other side of this wall here. The monks lived due south of us, my dear, hundreds of years afore his honor the admiral was born or thought of; and a fine time of it they had, as I've heard. They sang in the church all the morning, and drank grog in the orchard all the afternoon. They slept off their grog on the best of feather-beds; and they fattened on the neighborhood all the year round. Lucky beggars! lucky beggars!"

Apostrophizing the monks in these terms, and evidently regretting that he had not lived himself in those good old times, the veteran led the way back through the rooms. On the return passage across "Freeze-your-Bones" Magdalen preceded him. "She's as straight as a poplar," mumbled old Mazey to himself, hobbling along after his youthful companion, and wagging his venerable head in cordial approval. "I never was particular what nation they belonged to; but I always *did* like 'em straight and fine-grown, and I always *shall* like 'em straight and fine-grown to my dying day."

"Are there more rooms to see up stairs, on the second floor?" asked Magdalen, when they had returned to the point from which they had started.

The naturally clear, distinct tones of her voice had hitherto reached the old sailor's imperfect sense of hearing easily enough. Rather to her surprise he became stone-deaf, on a sudden, to her last question.

"Are you sure of your Pints of the Compass?" he inquired. "If you're not sure, put your back agin the wall, and we'll go all over 'em again, my dear, beginning with the Noathe."

Magdalen assured him that she felt quite familiar by this time with all the points, the "Noathe" included; and then repeated her question in louder tones. The veteran obstinately matched her, by becoming deafer than ever.

"Yes, my dear," he said; "you're right; it *is* chilly in these passages; and unless I go back to my fire my fire'll go out—won't it? If you don't feel sure of your Pints of the Compass come in to me and I'll put you right again." He winked benevolently, whistled to the dogs, and hobbled off. Magdalen heard him chuckle over his own success in balking her curiosity on the subject of the second floor. "I know how to deal with 'em!" said old Mazey to himself, in high triumph. "Tall and short, native and foreign, sweet-hearts and wives—*I* know how to deal with 'em!"

Left by herself, Magdalen exemplified the excellence of the old sailor's method of treatment, in her particular case, by ascending the stairs immediately, to make her own observations on the second floor. The stone passage here was exactly similar—except that more doors opened out of it—to the passage on the first floor. She opened the two nearest doors, one after another, at a venture, and discovered that both rooms were bedchambers. The fear of being discovered by one of the women-servants in a part of the house with which she had no concern, warned her not to push her investigations on the bedroom floor too far at starting. She hurriedly walked down the passage to see where it ended; discovered that it came to its termination in a lumber-room, answering to the position of the vestibule down stairs; and retraced her steps immediately.

On her way back she noticed an object which had previously escaped her attention. It was a low truckle-bed, placed parallel with the wall, and close to one of the doors on the bedroom side. In spite of its strange and comfortless situation, the bed was apparently occupied at night by a sleeper: the sheets were on it, and the end of a thick red fisherman's cap peeped out from

under the pillow. She ventured on opening the door near which the bed was placed, and found herself, as she conjectured from certain signs and tokens, in the admiral's sleeping-chamber. A woman's observation of the room was all she dared risk, and softly closing the door again she returned to the kitchen regions.

The truckle-bed, and the strange position in which it was placed, dwelt on her mind all through the afternoon. Who could possibly sleep in it? The remembrance of the red fisherman's cap, and the knowledge she had already gained of Mazey's dog-like fidelity to his master, helped her to guess that the old sailor might be the occupant of the truckle-bed. But why, with bedrooms enough and to spare, should he occupy that cold and comfortless situation at night? Why should he sleep on guard outside his master's door? Was there some nocturnal danger in the house of which the admiral was afraid? The question seemed absurd—and yet the position of the bed forced it irresistibly on her mind.

Stimulated by her own ungovernable curiosity on this subject, Magdalen ventured to question the housekeeper. She acknowledged having walked from end to end of the passage on the second floor, to see if it was as long as the passage on the first; and she mentioned having noticed with astonishment the position of the truckle-bed. Mrs. Drake answered her implied inquiry shortly and sharply. "I don't blame a young girl like you," said the old lady, "for being a little curious when she first comes into such a strange house as this. But remember, for the future, that your business does not lie in the bedroom story. Mr. Mazey sleeps on that bed you noticed. It is his habit at night to sleep outside his master's door." With that meagre explanation Mrs. Drake's lips closed, and opened no more.

Later in the day Magdalen found an opportunity of applying to old Mazey himself. She discovered the veteran in high good-humor, smoking his pipe and warming a tin mug of ale at his own snug fire.

"Mr. Mazey," she asked boldly, "why do you put your bed in that cold passage?"

"What! you have been up stairs, you young jade, have you?" said old Mazey, looking up from his mug with a leer.

Magdalen smiled and nodded. "Come! come! tell me," she said, coaxingly. "Why do you sleep outside the admiral's door?"

"Why do you part your hair in the middle, my dear?" asked old Mazey, with another leer.

"I suppose because I am accustomed to do it," answered Magdalen.

"Ay? ay?" said the veteran. "That's why, is it? Well, my dear, the reason why you part your hair in the middle is the reason why I sleep outside the admiral's door. I know how to deal with 'em!" chuckled old Mazey, lapsing into soliloquy, and stirring up his ale in high triumph, "Tall and short, native and foreign, sweet-hearts and wives—*I* know how to deal with 'em!"

Magdalen's third and last attempt at solving the mystery of the truckle-bed was made while she was waiting on the admiral at dinner. The old gentleman's questions gave her an opportunity of referring to the subject without any appearance of presumption or disrespect; but he proved to be quite as impenetrable, in his way, as old Mazey and Mrs. Drake had been in theirs. "It doesn't concern you, my dear," said the admiral, bluntly. "Don't be curious. Look in your Old Testament when you go down stairs, and see what happened in the Garden of Eden through curiosity. Be a good girl, and don't imitate your mother Eve."

As Magdalen passed the end of the second-floor passage, late at night, proceeding alone on her way up to her own room, she stopped and listened. A screen was placed at the entrance of the corridor, so as to hide it from the view of persons passing on the stairs. The snoring she heard on the other side of the screen encouraged her to slip round it and to advance a few steps. Shading the light of her candle with her hand, she ventured close to the admiral's door, and saw to her surprise that the bed had been moved since she had seen it in the day time, so as to stand exactly across the door, and to bar the way entirely to any one who might attempt to enter the admiral's room. After this discovery, old Mazey himself snoring lustily, with the red fisherman's cap pulled down to his eyebrows, and the blankets drawn up to his nose, became an object of secondary importance only by comparison with his bed. That the veteran did actually sleep on guard before his master's door, and that he and the admiral and the housekeeper were in the secret of this unaccountable proceeding, was now beyond all doubt.

"A strange end"—thought Magdalen, pondering over her discovery as she stole up stairs to her own sleeping-room—"a strange end to a strange day!"

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Holiday Present.

THE BIRD WORK-HOLDER for the lap, in hand sewing, and NAPKIN-HOLDER at the table. *Small, neat, and ornamental.* Free by mail on receipt of price.
Heavily plated, in Gold, 50 cents.
" " in Silver, 25 cents.
Address ALLYN & PHELPS,
Inventors and Manufacturers' Depot,
429 Broadway, New York.

10,000 COPIES READY.—CAUTION!

Look out for the Catch-Penny Edition, bound up in Green Paper Covers.

POOLEY & CO.'S

Edition is the only Authorized English Translation Published in this Country

OF

LES MISERABLES.

Extract of Letter from VICTOR HUGO *to* MR. WRAXALL.

"From the moment when M. Esquiros is your friend, as he is mine, you can not fail to produce an excellent work, having for guide and counselor that great and noble mind. (Signed) VICTOR HUGO."

John Forster, the ablest critic in England—the Literary Editor of the London Examiner—in speaking of the AUTHORIZED TRANSLATION, by Wraxall and Esquiros, says:

"On the publication of this celebrated Novel, in its original form, we entered very minutely into the story. It only now remains for us to say that WE CAN CONSCIENTIOUSLY RECOMMEND IT TO THE PUBLIC AS A PERFECTLY FAITHFUL VERSION—retaining, as nearly as the characteristic difference between the languages admits of, all the spirit and point of the original. IN ITS PRESENT FORM, 'Les Miserables' stands a very fair chance of having as wide a sale as the French edition."

The Authorized Edition,

Complete in One Volume, with Portraits and Biographical Sketch, is published for ONE DOLLAR, in Paper; or, ONE DOLLAR AND A HALF, in Muslin. NOW READY, and all orders filled from this day without delay.

W. I. POOLEY & Co.,
No. 331 Franklin Square (Harper's Building), New York.
HURST & BLACKET, London Publishers.
PAGNERRE LIBRAIRE, Editeur, Paris
Sent by mail on receipt of price. For sale by all Booksellers.

J. H. Winslow & Co.
100,000
Watches, Chains, Sets of Jewelry, Gold Pens, Bracelets, Lockets, Rings, Gent's Pins, Sleeve Buttons, Studs, &c., &c.
Worth $500,000,

To be sold for ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to get. Send for Circular containing full list and particulars, or see last week's "Harper's Weekly." Send 25 cents for a Certificate.

Address J. H. WINSLOW & CO.
208 Broadway, New York.

SOMETHING NEW.

NATIONAL AMERICAN AMUSEMENT CARDS. Colonel for King, Goddess of Liberty for Queen, and Major for Jack. 52 enameled cards to the pack. Eagles, Shields, Stars, and Flags are the suits, and you can play all the usual games. Four packs mailed free on receipt of One Dollar. The usual discount to the trade. Send for a Circular. Address AMERICAN PUBLISHING AGENCY,
14 Chambers Street, New York.

Taxes for 1862

Are now due in IOWA and NEBRASKA. To secure *correctness, prompt attention,* and *low charges,* send to MILLS BROS., Tax Agents, DES MOINES, IOWA.

They go to every County in Iowa during the Tax-paying season. Pamphlet containing Iowa Laws in regard to Taxes sent *free* to any address.

A Book of Thrilling Interest.
Thirteen Months in the REBEL ARMY.
By an Impressed New Yorker.
Price **50** Cents.

See what the "Harper's Weekly says of this exciting Book in the issue of Nov. 29th. Every Man, Woman, and Child should read the Book. Published by
A. S. BARNES & BURR, 51 and 53 John St., N. Y.

EYE.—Dr. M. MARGULIES, Physician to his Highness the Prince Alexander of Hessen Darmstadt, having had 22 years' experience in medical practice in London and St. Petersburg, may be consulted for ALL DISEASES OF THE EYE, from 10 to 12 daily, and at other hours by appointment, at No. 30 East 14th St., Union Square, N. Y.

THE GREAT SECRET.

It is admitted by all physicians that the grand secret of health and long life lies in keeping the blood and various fluids of the body in a high degree of fluidity. When you feel continued pain in the head or bowels, or any continued uneasiness in any organ or other parts of the body, you can prevent serious sickness by taking

BRANDRETH'S PILLS.

Bleeding may give momentary ease, because the blood left will have more room. But as the body is made from the blood and sustained by the blood, to waste our blood is to waste out life and ruin our constitution. But Brandreth's Pills relieve the circulation as readily as bleeding by only taking away what it can well spare, and THEY NEVER HURT.

Mrs. Hooper, of Barnstable, Mass., was cured of St. Vitus Dance, General Debility, poorness of blood, and costiveness of many years standing, by Brandreth's Pills. The case at length is published in the pamphlets.

Sold at the Principal Office, No. 294 Canal Street, No. 4 Union Square, New York, and by all respectable dealers in medicine.

Rheumatism—Who has it?

It has been confessedly acknowledged by thousands who have used them, that the Galvano Electro Metallic Insoles are the only preventive and cure. Sold by all druggists and shoe dealers generally. Price $1; sent by mail for $1 25.
Send for a circular. METTAM & CO., 429 Broadway.
Secured by English and American Patents.

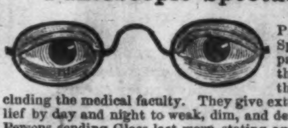
To all Wanting Farms.

Large and *thriving settlement of Vineland. Rich* soil. Good crops of *Wheat, Corn, Peaches, &c.,* to be *seen*—only 30 miles from Philadelphia. Delightful *climate*—20 acre tracts of from $15 to $20 per acre, payable within 4 years. Good schools and society. Hundreds are settling. Apply to CHAS. K. LANDIS, P.M., Vineland, Cumberland Co., New Jersey. Report of Solon Robinson and Vineland Rural sent free. From Report of Solon Robinson, Ag. Ed. Tribune.

"It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts, in an almost level position, and suitable condition for pleasant farming that we know of this side of the Western Prairies.

The Prince of Holiday Gifts or Presents.
"THE CRAIG MICROSCOPE"
Magnifies small objects 10,000 times. So simple that a child may use it. A most suitable present for any person. Price by mail $2 25; with six mounted objects $3. Address HENRY CRAIG, 182 Centre Street, New York.

Pantoscopic Spectacles.



The Patent Pantoscopic Spectacles are patronised by the majority of the public, including the medical faculty. They give extraordinary relief by day and night to weak, dim, and defective vision. Persons sending Glass last worn, stating age, can be supplied, price $4. Sent free. Catalogues sent free by enclosing stamp. SEMMONS, Optician,
669½ Broadway, under Lafarge House.

"THE HUMAN FACE DIVINE." Eyes, Ears, Lips, Mouth, Head, Hair, Neck, Hands, Feet, Skin, with "SIGNS OF CHARACTER," and how to read them, given in

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL

AND LIFE ILLUSTRATED FOR 1863, devoted to PHRENOLOGY, PHYSIOLOGY, PHYSIOGNOMY, PSYCHOLOGY, and to all that relates to the Intellectual, Social, Moral, and Spiritual Nature of Man. Amply illustrated, and adapted to the comprehension of all. New volume. Subscribe now. Only $1 00 a year. Samples, 10 cents. Address,
FOWLER AND WELLS, 308 Broadway, New York.

Just Tribute to Merit.

AT INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, LONDON,
July 11th, 1862,
Duryeas' Maizena

Was the only "preparation for food from Indian Corn" that received a medal and honorable mention from the Royal Commissioners, the competition of all prominent manufacturers of "Corn Starch" and "Prepared Corn Flour" of this and other countries notwithstanding.

Maizena

The food and luxury of the age, without a single fault. One trial will convince the most sceptical. Makes Puddings, Cakes, Custards, Blanc Mange, &c., without isinglass, with few or no eggs, at a cost astonishing the most economical. A slight addition to ordinary Wheat Flour greatly improves Bread and Cake. It is also excellent for thickening sweet sauces, gravies for fish and meat, soups, &c. For Ice Cream nothing can compare with it. A little boiled in milk will produce rich Cream for coffee, chocolate, tea, &c. Put up in 1 pound packages, with directions.

A most delicious article of food for children and invalids of all ages. For sale by Grocers and Druggists everywhere.

Manufactured at Glen Cove, Long Island.
Wholesale Depot, 166 Fulton Street.
WM. DURYEA, General Agent.

RAILWAY TIME KEEPERS

Especially adapted for Army sales. *Good imitation dold, with fancy colored hands and beautifully engraved gials, the letters standing in relief. This is one of the most taking novelties of the day, and should retail at prices from twenty to fifty dollars each. Warranted to run and keep excellent time.* They are furnished by the case, containing six of different designs, as follows:—Engraved, per half dozen, $33 00. Engraved and electro-gilded, per half dozen, assorted, $36 00. Engraved, superior, per half dozen, assorted, $39 00. Engraved, superior, and electro fine gilded, having all the improvements of the foregoing, per half dozen, assorted, $42 00. Engine-turned, same material cases, over which good silver is heavily plated, per half dozen, $36 00. Samples of the foregoing, comprising two of the first, and one each of the others, making a half dozen, at regular wholesale rates, $36 50. TERMS CASH. Will be sent to any part of the loyal states, with bill for collection on delivery. Buyers south of the Potomac will have to send *payment in advance,* as the express companies peremptorily refuse making collections on the Army!

This is one of the most saleable articles of the times, and just the thing for those inclined to make money among the soldiers.

Address orders at once to
HUBBARD BROS., SOLE IMPORTERS,
Cor. John and Nassau Streets, New York.

BEAUTY.—Hunt's Bloom of Roses, a charming and perfectly natural color for the cheeks, or lips. Will not wash off, but remains durable for years. Can only be removed with vinegar, and warranted not to injure the skin. Used by the celebrated Court Beauties of Europe exclusively. Mailed free from observation for one dollar.
HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 133 S. Seventh St., Philad.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My Onguent will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM, No. 109 Nassau Street, N. Y.

CHAPPED HANDS, FACE, LIPS, SUNBURN, &c.—Certain and Immediate Cure.
HEGEMAN & Co.'s CAMPHOR ICE with GLYCERINE, if used according to the directions, will keep the hands soft in the coldest weather. Price 25 cents. Sold by Druggists. Sent by mail on receipt of 30 cents.
HEGEMAN & Co., Chemists and Druggists, New York.

A CAPITAL BOOK.—How to Write, How to Talk, How to Behave, How to do Business, handsomely bound in gilt, post-paid by mail, $1 50; in paper, $1 25. FOWLER & WELLS, 308 Broadway, N.Y.

WEDDING CARDS

These Celebrated Engraved Cards sold only at J. EVERDELL'S Old Establishment, 302 Broadway, cor. Duane St., N. Y.
☞ Established 1840. ☞ For Specimen by Mail, send two stamps.

Something New.
The Automaton Regiment;
OR,
INFANTRY SOLDIERS' PRACTICAL INSTRUCTOR, FOR ALL REGIMENTAL MOVEMENTS IN THE FIELD. By G. DOUGLAS BREWERTON, late U. S. ARMY.

By a simple combination of blocks and counters, numbering only twenty-five in all, but so arranged and designated by a carefully considered contrast of colors, that it supplies the student with a perfect Regiment, where every Officer, Non-commissioned Officer, and Man with each Division, Company, Platoon, Section, Field Music, &c., are distinctly marked as to their position in the Battalion, so that the student, whether Officer or Private, can see at a glance where his company should be placed, as also his own position. Neatly put up in boxes, price $1 00.
☞ Sent free by mail on receipt of price.
D. VAN NOSTRAND, Publisher of Military and Naval Books, 192 Broadway, New York.

CATARRH!—Dr. Goodale's CATARRH REMEDY penetrates to the very seat of this terrible disease, and exterminates it, root and branch. Price $1 00. Send a stamp for a pamphlet. Depot 612 Broadway.

Attention Masons and Soldiers.

I will send (as sample), on the receipt of $1, a handsome Gold Masonic Pin or Ring, or Plated Vest chain, or a fine Gold Pen and Pencil, or Engraved Locket, or Bracelet, or Neck Chain, or a beautiful set of Jewelry, together with my wholesale Circular. B. T. HAYWARD, Manufacturing Jeweler, 208 Broadway, New York.

MILITARY GOODS.
Swords for Presentation, Sashes, Belts, and Epaulettes, Guns, Pistols, and Revolvers.
Every article in the Military Line Wholesale and Retail.
W. J. Syms & Bro.,
200 Broadway, New York.

J. W. MERSEREAU,
Men's Furnishing Goods
—AND—
GOLDEN HILL SHIRTS.
No. 2 Warren Street.
SECOND DOOR FROM BROADWAY, **NEW YORK.**
Represented by N. R. MERSEREAU, L. N. WYANT.

FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS!
All Articles for Soldiers at Baltimore, Washington, Hilton Head, Newbern, and all places occupied by Union troops, should be sent, at half rates, by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 74 Broadway. Sutlers charged low rates.

FRENCH WINES AND BRANDIES.
From Paul de Coninck, Monod & Guiraud, Bordeaux, France. Warranted strictly pure. For sale by
J. MARC MARTIN, Importer,
No. 203 Pearl Street, New York.

HOLIDAY
AND BIRTHDAY GIFTS FOR CHILDREN.

The most useful and beneficial are the Patent Spring Rocking Horses, invented by Jesse C. Crandall. They expand the chest, and teach the rider to sit correctly.

Send stamp inclosed for illustrated circular and price list. Also, Sleighs, Propellers, Drums, &c.
L. TIBBALS, No. 480 Broadway, New York.

HARPER & BROTHERS
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK,
Have just published:
MISTRESS AND MAID. A HOUSEHOLD STORY. By DINAH MARIA MULOCK, Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," "Olive," "The Ogilvies," "The Head of the Family," "Agatha's Husband," "A Life for a Life," &c., &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

Commencement of the Twenty-Sixth Volume.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE
For December, 1862.

TERMS.

One Copy for one Year	$3 00
Two Copies for One Year	5 00
Three or more Copies for One Year (each)	2 00

And an Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS.
HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $4 00.
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Single Copies Six Cents.

WILKIE COLLINS's New Story, entitled "NO NAME," was commenced in the Number for March 15 (No. 272) of

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

And will be continued from week to week until completed.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $4 00.

HARPER'S WEEKLY is electrotyped, and *Back Numbers* can be had at any time.

Vols. I., II., III., IV., and V., for the Years 1857, 1858, 1859, 1860, and 1861, of "HARPER'S WEEKLY," handsomely bound in Cloth extra, Price $3 50 each, are now ready.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year	$2 50
One Copy for Two Years	4 00
Ten Copies for One Year	20 00

An Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS.

☞ The Publishers employ no TRAVELING AGENTS. Parties who desire to subscribe to *Harper's Magazine* or *Harper's Weekly* had better remit direct to the Publishers, or pay their subscription to some Postmaster or General Agent with whom they are acquainted, and of whose responsibility they are assured.
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.